

spare Rib

No 7
woman's
news magazine
January 1973
17½p

*The liberated orgasm...
Make a New Year resolution to have one!*



*The private hell of
prisoner's wives by Bel Mooney*
*News: Claimants of the world
unite! - by Mary Anderson*



*Male fantasies,
what a wank!*

*Wasting time with
Fran's party games ★★★★★*

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Cover photograph Valerie Santagto

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Editorial: Marsha Rowe, Rosie Boycott

Design: Kate Hepburn, Sally Doust and Lucinda Cowell.

Advertising: Marion Fudger. **Production:** Rose Ades

Dear Spare Rib,

I came across your magazine fresh — and seemingly unread — in a dustbin near Kings Cross Station.

'A dustbin?'

My scavenging habits needn't concern you but they do occasionally, as this time, produce treasures. Usually if I read a woman's magazine, I start and finish at Evelyn Home or whoever (as I suspect a lot of women do), with perhaps a quick glance to see if there are any ladies taking showers or squirting deoderants on themselves. But seeing as there wasn't any Sports News, I read Spare Rib from front to back with curiosity and growing sympathy.

At last something from and about women that has a golden streak of humour through it, as well as a genuine caring about relationships. I found it a welcome relief from those hard, bitter, tit-swinging publications I normally associate with Women's Lib. I'm fed up with the demand for more and better orgasms (don't weary us men: take up cycling or show jumping) and shrill cries of revenge. It isn't really our fault anyway. Burn your bras by all means. As far as I'm concerned the sight of those vari-sized mounds of jelly quivering under thin T-shirts gives me hysterics. But it is possible to laugh and love at the same time.

I shall continue to read your magazine at any further opportunity. Hope you don't go broke.

Keep on bouncing,
Tim Colwell,
'Crown and Anchor'
Cross Street,
London N.1.

Dear Spare Rib,

Martha Turner's article on Escort work brought back some unpleasant memories for me. Through being in a rather desperate financial position, I also tried Escorting. I even had one of the same clients, Mr. Thornton in his vomit colour Alpha who seems to operate a standard procedure as I was also taken to the smart Chelsea restaurant. He was amazingly generous though — he gave me £25 to pay off my fine for using insulting words to a police officer — and he just shook my

band at the door! But I wasn't always so lucky.

Apart from the usual boring clients I got one who was an oily, cigar-chewing, piggy Rothschild's banker (an OBE) and he sickened and disgusted me so thoroughly that I stopped escort work.

While they were sitting there smugly wasting £50 on an evening's food and drink, I would be thinking of the 5 million people living below the poverty line in England today, knowing if he wasn't so greedy, trying to make such huge profits, we could have a much saner society.

I usually came home in tears of shame and frustration.

I had intended to use them to get myself out of debt, but they were using me much more than I ever used them. The Agency was also exploiting me. They charged the client £12.50 and kept £8.50 for themselves, hardly a fair proportion when I had to suffer up to 7 hours with some boring (or worse) man, and they only spent 5 minutes on a telephone.

I've been lucky enough to find a job I find constructive and worthwhile, but unfortunately it's part-time and only pays me £6 a week which isn't sufficient for me to manage on. So now, 6 months later, I find myself facing the same old dilemma. I could go on wiping down tables for £1.25 per night or some other unskilled job, just scraping by, or else I can go back to selling my face and smile at idiots who are willing to pay £5 to have me sit at their table.

So I have started hostessing, which is more lucrative than escort work although there are more rules. One has to show up to the club every night at a set time, and has to stay until 2.30 am even if you haven't had a customer. (If you have a customer and he wants to stay till 4 am you must stay and try to keep smiling). If you don't get any customers you don't get any pay, but sometimes you can sit with 2 or 3 in the same night. The advantage over escort work is that you are one of about 20 women doing the same thing so you can talk and joke about the customers afterwards, and don't suffer the isolation of escorting where you

really feel out on your own. The club gives you the full £5 they charge the customer as your hostess fee, and make their profit out of insisting that you only drink champagne (at £8 per bottle) and get the customers to buy you meals, cigarettes, etc.

I am saving my money and try to use the daytime to learn new skills so I never have to go back to this sort of sexist work again. It is very difficult as one is suppressing one's real feelings all night and drinking gallons of champagne to alleviate the pain, so I find I wake up each day feeling awfully depressed and lethargic.

Hope I can send you a more cheerful letter in the new year. love
suzette.

Dear Spare Rib,

I felt compelled to force my opinions on you after reading 'Crotchety' (November issue), about The Longford Report and, more broadly, pornography. (I do not believe it has been decided what pornography actually is.) The short piece by Bonny Boston missed out everything important about the implications of the Report. It was not constructive, doing more harm than good. OK so some of the people involved were under thirty: so what's age got to do with it? People can be broad-minded at 15 and crotchety at 15. It mentioned one or two proposals from the Report which sounded reasonable, if illdefined and out of context, but it omitted its idiotic statements.

Don't you naive sisters realise that this issue is political — and it is freedom that is the issue.

I am not against Lord Longford and his fellow crusaders publishing their opinions. What I strongly object to is being told what can and cannot read and watch or be subjected to. Lord Longford refuses, as did President Nixon to acknowledge reports already published and tests carried out far more extensively than his own prejudiced survey, which prove that 'porn' is in no way harmful. No one is going to stop kids being curious anyway. They have been since Cain & Abel: and so-called 'pornography' has been around since that pro-

verbial 'Spare Rib'. So protecting the kids is a mute point. In answer to Caroline McCullough who made the point about people being exploited — may I say — yes oh yes people are being exploited — did she ask herself why as she signed the Report?

Pornography is still a back street business. This fact alone enables profiteers to get rich on what amounts to a black market. This is exploitation. So let us bring pornography out into the open once and for all. It has been proved that removing censorship helps; it does not harm. In 6 months everyone would be bored silly at the sight of pubic hair and nipples — but we are assured by Lord Longford that this is a sure sign of corruption Phool'y? For those who inevitably would not be bored and unfortunately do not achieve sexual gratification from normal relationships these magazines and films are a comfort and an outlet. I am just so mad that these poor people are so often conned and all in the name of 'social decency'.

If 'pornography' were readily available it would soon become a part of life. Not something one wonders over in a broken down school loo. It would take on a true perspective instead of its present vicious horizons. Humanity Not Christianity
Love & Peace,
Maggie Howard.
112 Oglander Road
SE.15.

Dear Spare Rib,

I have just read your magazine for the first time. I think it's the most pre-judiced magazine ever. Equal rights, you women want it both ways. Example, the time Jack Dash was speaking to striking workers and some stupid woman went up and smacked him across the kisser. 'Oh, what a brave little woman, biting a grown man, such courage'. Courage my ass. She took advantage of being a woman, banking on the man being a gentleman and not biting her back. Had it been me, she would have got it straight back, regardless of what happened to me afterwards. I truly am all for equal rights for women but you really can't have it both ways. I am sick of women taking advantage of being women. I bet

if, instead of being Jack Dash, the speaker had been another woman, this courageous little dear would not have got up there in case she got as good as she gave.

Yours faithfully,
P. Rivett,
398 Hanworth Road,
Hounslow, Middlesex.

Dear Spare Rib,
As one who has been closely concerned with Travellers (as gypsies prefer to be called) in this country, and with their problems, I was horrified by the abysmal ignorance and lack of understanding shown by Carol Dix in her article 'The Shadow on the Cheese'.

In order to rectify at least some of the errors in her article, I would like to say that there are differences between Gorgios and Gypsies and also a difference between a true Romany and the English Traveller (a difference which Carol Dix, to put it mildly, seems a little hazy about). 'What the gypsies themselves want' is not as difficult to find out as Carol Dix appears to think. Try asking them! They're not at all inarticulate really, you obviously don't know, Miss Dix.

She ignores the aims and results of the N.G.E.C. and Summer Schools.

Yours,
Heather Dale,
University of Essex,
Colchester.

Letter reply
I think Heather Dale and I have been looking at the gypsies through very different spectacles. I appreciate her feelings as one who has been working with 'travellers' (or gypsies). My approach, is as a journalist who has been observing them for nearly 18 months now, so I've been watching not only the gypsies but those who purport to help them as well.

I didn't embark on the semantic, historic meanings behind the words 'Romany' and 'Traveller', because that is another whole huge subject, and one that has suspicions of racism and snobbishness creeping in. They're all in the same boat.

Over what the gypsies want, the

point I was making was maybe rather involved, but it was to say that gypsies have never told us what they really want or mean, after all Romani itself is a secret language, used to keep us at a distance. That's how they've survived so long. They've kept us at arms' length.

As for the aims and results of the NGEC summer schools, whose aims? Gorgios? And what sort of results? The number of literacy successes? I'm pleased Heather Dale enjoys working with the gypsies, all I was suggesting is maybe they need less of our protection, and just more tolerance.

Dear Spare Rib,
Its good news indeed that the Biba girls are joining Union of Shop and Distributive Allied Workers, but why did they ever take such poorly paid jobs in the first place. No-one in the working class should ever contemplate accepting such conditions. Perhaps there are more prime jobs than workers, but for those who make it, a happier alternative would be to live on Social Security and leave ungiven employers with their posts unfilled until such time as they pay a honest living wage. I was drawing over twelve pounds a week on Social Security during which time I applied to Bibas for a job, in answer to an advert. The best they could offer was £16, before tax, for a 42 hour week. And I'd had 2 years experience in shops already. I turned the job down flat and kept looking until I found the right one. Even one, in my opinion should take this line of action too, then we would have more power than there is even with the help of unions, which shouldn't ever have been necessary. This is only my attitude, perhaps other readers would care to give theirs.

Sincerely, Stella Mann.
No address given

Dear Spare Rib,
In reply to your article continue the arguments against the nuclear family unit put forward in Michelene Wandor's article 'Family Everafter' - I believe that the nuclear family unit must be attacked on more basic grounds than those of individual

suffering. Our society relies on the family unit to produce beings sufficiently emotionally crippled to fit easily into its structure; the pain inflicted in the process is a necessary part and society accepts it; there are mental hospitals for the casualties, and as for the rest, society is pleased with what it gets. Now, if our society (and that can include the world, since the family unit has not yet been truly abolished in any place I know of) is good or at any rate the best we can expect then we must accept this incidental cruelty as part of the greater good. But I cannot imagine that many intelligent people would regard the way the human race is developing as good, indeed I think that most would agree that with our present rate of breeding, our recent history of murderous wars, our stock of nuclear weapons and our division into hostile political camps our future looks rather less rosy than that of (to quote Konrad Lorenz) several hostile clans of rats on a ship almost devoid of food. So this is the state of affairs produced by a reliance on the family unit as a training ground for world citizens. I consider that the two main causes of this appalling situation are 1. the total lack of any feeling of sympathy or community between large numbers of humans and 2. the aggression embodied in and perpetuated by our out-dated sexual role playing. Both of these unfortunate traits are encouraged by the family unit and get steadily worse as the family unit contracts and becomes ever more oppressive and powerful. So-called civilised societies have been developing simultaneously in two directions over the past few hundred years; on the one hand the family unit has been growing smaller as a result in this country of the decay of the extended family through increased ease of movement and in this country of the striking fall in the size of the family - the average number of live births per woman fell from six for those married in the 1870s to 4 in the 1900s and to 2 in the 1920s. On the other hand the political units have grown larger, government has become more and more centralized.

Within an ideal group both males and females would do the child rearing and domestic chores or other kinds of work at their own inclination and to meet the needs of the group, not as a result of early conditioning and the pressures of some nuclear family unit. On a purely practical level it is obvious that housework would be much reduced simply by living together in a larger group; why should six lots of washing be done every day in six separate houses instead of one big load in a well-equipped communal wasbroom. Much of the sheer repetitive drudgery of housework could be eliminated through co-operative rota systems. And another disgusting aspect of our society - the lonely dissatisfied housewife being successfully bombarded with advertisements for unnecessary consumer goods - would disappear within this happier and more exciting environment. The children of such a group would be reared by no one individual but by the group as a whole. The myth of the necessity for an ever-present mother figure has only grown up comparatively recently, one suspects in order to maintain the status quo of imprisoned women even when labour saving gadgets have removed much of her other work and to imprint the child with those feelings of greed and possessiveness that our society thrives on. In fact all the more tribal groupings have depended on the child having more than what it gets in the nuclear family unit - one obsessive mother and one absentee father. Children would be treated as unique personalities and taught no sexual roles; boys and girls would be given toys and clothes which they liked or seemed suitable for them regardless of their sex. They would also have the advantage of growing up amongst adults who had already rejected the traditional sexual roles.

If anyone has got this far I add that I am a straight normal housewife with two small kids aged nearly two and three and a half.

Yours sincerely
Abigail Mozley
35 Woodlane
Falmouth
Cornwall

THE LIBERATED ORGASM



Years ago Margaret Mead suggested that, 'the human female's capacity for orgasm is to be viewed as a potentiality that may or may not be developed by a given culture.'

We don't need to be anthropologists to realize that our Western culture has not only failed to develop that potentiality, but it has stifled and repressed it.

As a result, we women have been afraid to think for ourselves about our own sexual tastes and pleasures.

We have tried to model our preferences after the prevailing views of normality. We have been shy about telling our lovers what we want. We have feared it would be unwomanly to do other than let the male take the lead, however ineptly. — by Barbara Seaman

photographs Valerie Santagto

Barbara Seaman is Child Care and Family Education Editor for 'Family Circle' (American). Her first book, 'The Doctors' Case against the Pill' (Peter H. Wyden, Inc.), was called the 'main factor' behind the warning to consumers that is now included with every package of birth pills.

Adapted from 'Free and Female: The Sex Life of the Contemporary Woman' by Barbara Seaman. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc. USA. © 1972 Barbara Seaman.

The modern sex manuals are filled with misinformation—for instance, the standard advice to men that they should flail away at the sensitive clitoris. But even when their suggestions are applicable to some women in some moods, they are rarely applicable to all women in all moods, and they foster a certain technical rigidity that is antithetical to really good sex.

Female sexuality is so easily bruised and buried in the myths and medical models of the prevailing culture that the self-awareness needed for liberation will be difficult to achieve unless women explore their own true sexual feelings and needs.

We know that all orgasms are similar on a motor level, and that all orgasms are different on a sensory level.

We know also that there is no ideal or norm, except in our own imagination. The truth is that the liberated orgasm is an orgasm *you* like, under any circumstances *you* find comfortable. (The only qualification is that liberated persons don't exploit each other—that's just for masters and slaves.)

In the spring of 1971, my research assistant Carol Milano and I completed an informal sex survey of 103 women.

In our survey all but six regularly achieved some sort of orgasm with relative ease. This is substantially higher than the figure for women in general in our society, especially when you consider that perhaps one-third of the women in our survey were under 25. (From the Kinsey report and more recent investigations, we know that while the majority of women do achieve orgasms sooner or later, for many it is later. It often takes years or even decades for adult women to achieve sexual satisfaction.)

There was a group in our survey who could not comment on the clitoral *versus* the vaginal orgasm at all and said that to them the whole debate seemed meaningless. These women simply did not experience their orgasms in one place more than the other. But with this group left out, there were the two extremes of women who stated a preference for, or more frequent experience of, one type or the other. That is to say, regardless of the actual physiology of the event, they *felt* most of their orgasms in either the vagina or the clitoris.

Women are so varied in their sexuality that even those who seem alike are different. Here I contrast two, whom I shall call Mary and Anne.

Both women are sexually informed and active, and both have given considerable thought to their sexual needs. To achieve orgasms, both require direct clitoral stimulation.

Neither doubts that some women obtain orgasms via vaginal stimulation, but it doesn't work for them. Mary says, 'I know that lots of girls do *not* need as much direct stimulation as I do—but I think this is because they have larger and better placed clitorises.' Anne says, 'I don't think anyone really knows what percentage of women have orgasms during intercourse. It would seem to depend on individual anatomy and placement of the clitoris.'

Although clitorises are highly variable in size as well as placement, Masters and Johnson say that in eleven years of research they found no evidence to support the belief that differences in clitoral anatomy can influence sexual response. This, however, must be viewed as a highly tentative finding since they were unable to observe any clitorises during orgasms. Masters and Johnson think that in certain women the thrusting penis does not exercise the traction on the labia and clitoral hood, that it does for others. So perhaps idiosyncrasies of the vagina, rather than the clitoris, better explain the anatomical need for direct stimulation. Direct clitoral stimulation can be obtained in sexual intercourse, provided the woman is on top or the couple is side by side, and the pubic bones of the man and woman are touching. What, in the experience of Mary and Anne, is the most common lovemaking error that men make?

Mary: 'Not enough direct manipulation of the clitoris.'

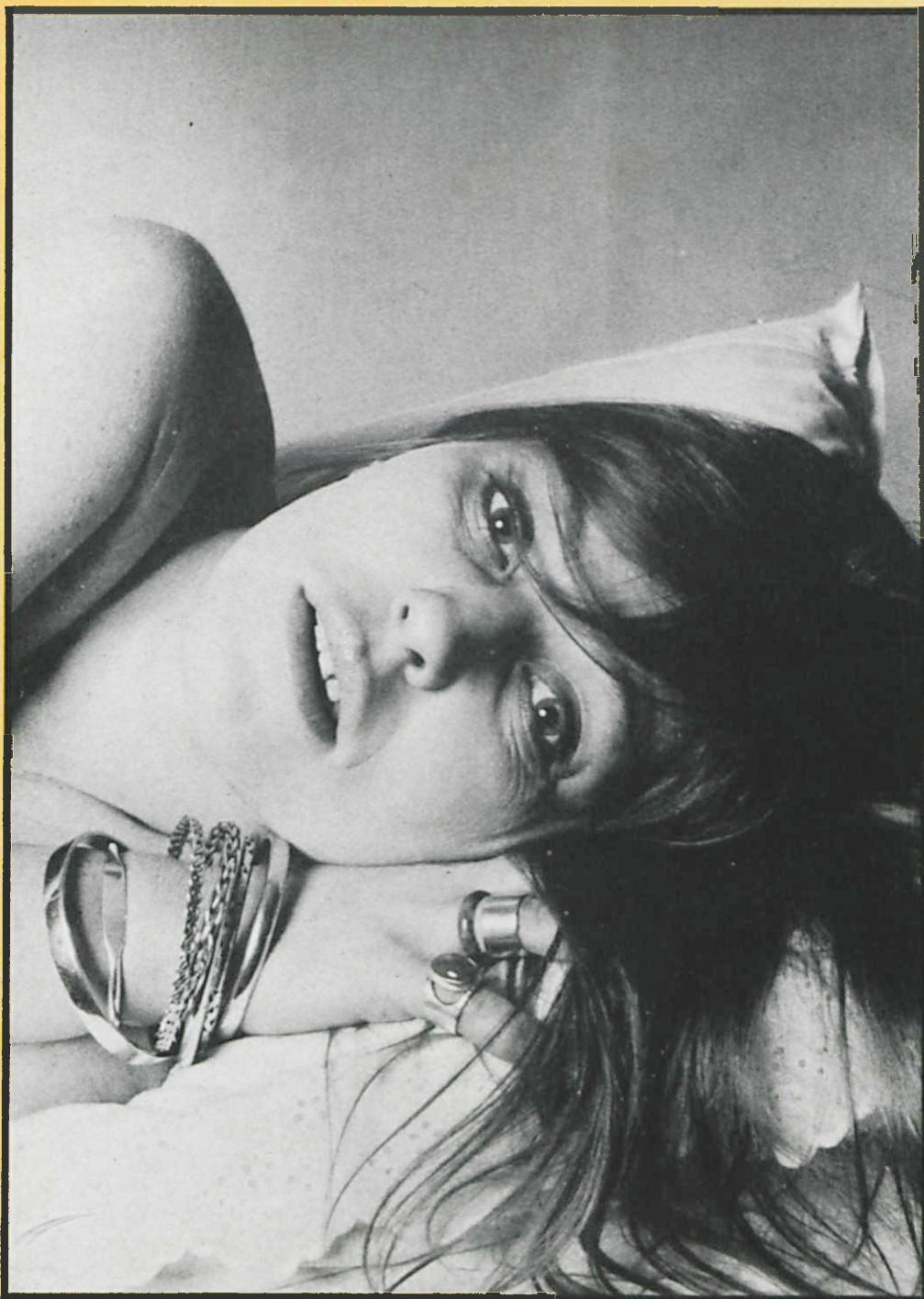
Anne: 'Many men don't realize that the clitoris is the source of orgasms.'

Two peas in a pod. Of all the women in my survey, there were no two who were more similar, and yet Mary loves sexual intercourse, while Anne finds it dull.

Mary: 'Intercourse to me is very exciting! I get depressed if sexual contact doesn't include penetration, and a man doesn't come inside me.'

Anne: 'How a man performs intercourse is unimportant to me; I've never achieved and never expect to achieve orgasm during coitus.'

Mary isn't the only woman who swears that for a first-rate orgasm



she requires a penis or other object within the vagina. Nor is Anne the only one who is different. No doubt there are many psychological as well as anatomical variations that might influence a woman's perceived degree of vaginal sensitivity.

Analysts are undoubtedly telling us the truth when they report that they have 'converted' thousands of women to vaginally experienced orgasms. The point is merely that, for some women at least, the strong desire to notice vaginal sensations makes these more noticeable. If Masters and Johnson are correct, all orgasms

other lovers) or who had organs that seemed exceptionally large and 'filling.' One woman also noted a difference in male 'sex rhythms': 'with some of my lovers I need my clitoris fondled to reach orgasm, and with others I don't. I find that every man has his own individual sex rhythm and way of thrusting. This is something a man cannot control, no matter how much he may wish to. Some men make short, rapid, jerky thrusts, and other men make longer, deeper thrusts, which I like better. With a man who takes the longer thrusts, I can have orgasms without clitoral

'With some of my lovers I need my clitoris fondled to reach orgasm, and with others I don't.'

are essentially the same and quite sensibly involve all the pertinent parts God gave us.

But if all orgasms are the same, why do women not recognize the fact? Are we hopelessly stupid or recalcitrant?

Or are we complex human organisms whose responses are as varied and individual as we are ourselves? Some women noted a difference in their response to vaginal stimulation after childbirth. Several other women noted that they first experienced 'vaginal' orgasm—that is, orgasm without direct clitoral stimulation—during intercourse with men who could either sustain vaginal thrusting for an exceptionally long period of time (compared to

manipulation, and with a man who takes jerky thrusts I can't. This is oversimplifying of course, because every one of my fourteen lovers had his own unique sex rhythm, and I more or less enjoyed them all, even though some required that the man use his finger in supplementation. I believe that I could recognize most of my lovers blindfolded, just on the basis of their own unique sex rhythms. This, to me, is one of the most fascinating differences in men.'

Several of the women who need direct clitoral stimulation gave what appeared to be very sound anatomical explanations of their preference. Here is one example: 'Before the birth of my son,



who weighed over nine pounds and had an inordinately large head, I used to reach orgasm without needing to have my clitoris massaged. I don't believe that my vagina was repaired properly after childbirth. I think it must have been stretched out of shape because my same husband, with the same penis (and to whom I feel closer than ever), cannot bring me to orgasm so easily by his thrusting alone. I enjoy sex more than ever. My desire, if anything, has increased. But something is different about me, and if my understanding of Masters and Johnson is correct, I believe

were better controlled and had stimulated them vaginally for long enough periods to bring them to orgasm by that route, had somehow learned to experience 'feeling' in their vaginas and to let themselves come to orgasms through vaginal stimulation alone. The 'clitoral' types generally had been exposed to more selfish or fumbling lovers, particularly in their early experiences. Some, of course, had themselves insisted on the practice of merely 'petting to climax' in order to preserve a token virginity during their premarital years.

'The only organ known to man or women, whose sole purpose is to receive and transmit sexual pleasure.'

that the difference is that my vagina was slightly damaged, so that my husband's thrusting no longer provides as much traction on my clitoris.'

So, allowing for the probability that there are anatomical differences that may have a strong bearing, what were the other differences between 'vaginal' and 'clitoral' women?

From the evidence gathered in our survey, there were more women in the vaginal group whose early experience with men had been favourable and who had not had to struggle to learn to enjoy sex. These women, perhaps because they were more 'trusting' or perhaps, more simply, because their earliest lovers

Outside or in, clitoral or vaginal, we are in no way as standardized as Playboy's airbrushed and siliconed playmates. For example, while fourteen women in our survey complained that their lovers did not engage in enough physical foreplay, and eight others complained that their lovers did not engage in enough verbal foreplay, pillow talk, or conversation, two respondents took the opposite position. They like to get down to the main business of sex more swiftly than their lovers. One observed: 'I find foreplay detrimental. When I really get into rubbing up against him, the feelings become sensuous, not sensual. Sex is more direct—from the inside out.' So that is how one woman feels, and she is



sexually active and well realized. The second woman asks wryly: 'I have very little interest in foreplay. Is that an inhibition or a total lack of it?'

Or consider the question of the handsome stranger, an alleged apparition in the dreams of younger females. Most of the women in my survey dislike sex with strangers. Over and over they emphasized the importance (to them) of warmth, intimacy, trust, tenderness. For example, 'I appreciate kindness in a man—and one who appreciates and loves women (i.e., me). Too many

always used to relieve themselves. Some of the women I know are so pathetic. They run around looking for a man, any man at all.' A 55-year-old woman admits: 'I was born too early and too late. Unlike my mother, I realized that I too had sexual desires, but unlike my daughter, I considered it unthinkable to vocalize them. In the early years of my marriage I suffered unbearable frustration because I couldn't bring myself to tell my husband what he was doing wrong. By the time I worked up the courage he had lost most of his interest in sex. I've learned how to satisfy

'I have very little interest in foreplay. Is that an inhibition or a total lack of it?'

people use sex as an outlet—it should be a mutual experience of lovingness.'

Yet, undeniably, for some women intimacy breeds boredom or contempt. One girl admitted, 'I can only be uninhibited in sex with men I do not know very well.'

Some women even deem it best to withdraw entirely from men.

A prominent feminist confided: 'I think it's wonderful that women have discovered masturbation, because it will enable us to keep apart from men as long as necessary. When you have work to do, you can't allow yourself to be diverted by sexual relationships. Masturbation is what male revolutionaries have

myself with an electric massager, but it's lonely. Some women are very sexy, and it's cruel to all concerned that delicacy prevents them from expressing it.'

But what precisely is the female orgasm (which may or may not be developed by a given culture) and where does it take place? A woman knows when she's had one (if she doubts it, she hasn't), but since her orgasm is not punctuated by the sure sign of ejaculation, men have felt free to develop lunatic theories about it, and women have not learned to trust their own bodies.

A woman's external sex organs consist of labia majora, or outer

continued on page 25



Man's World

QUIPS and MISSES

*Ginette veut changer son
papier. Il en résulte
quelques catastrophes*
Paris Cocktail 1950



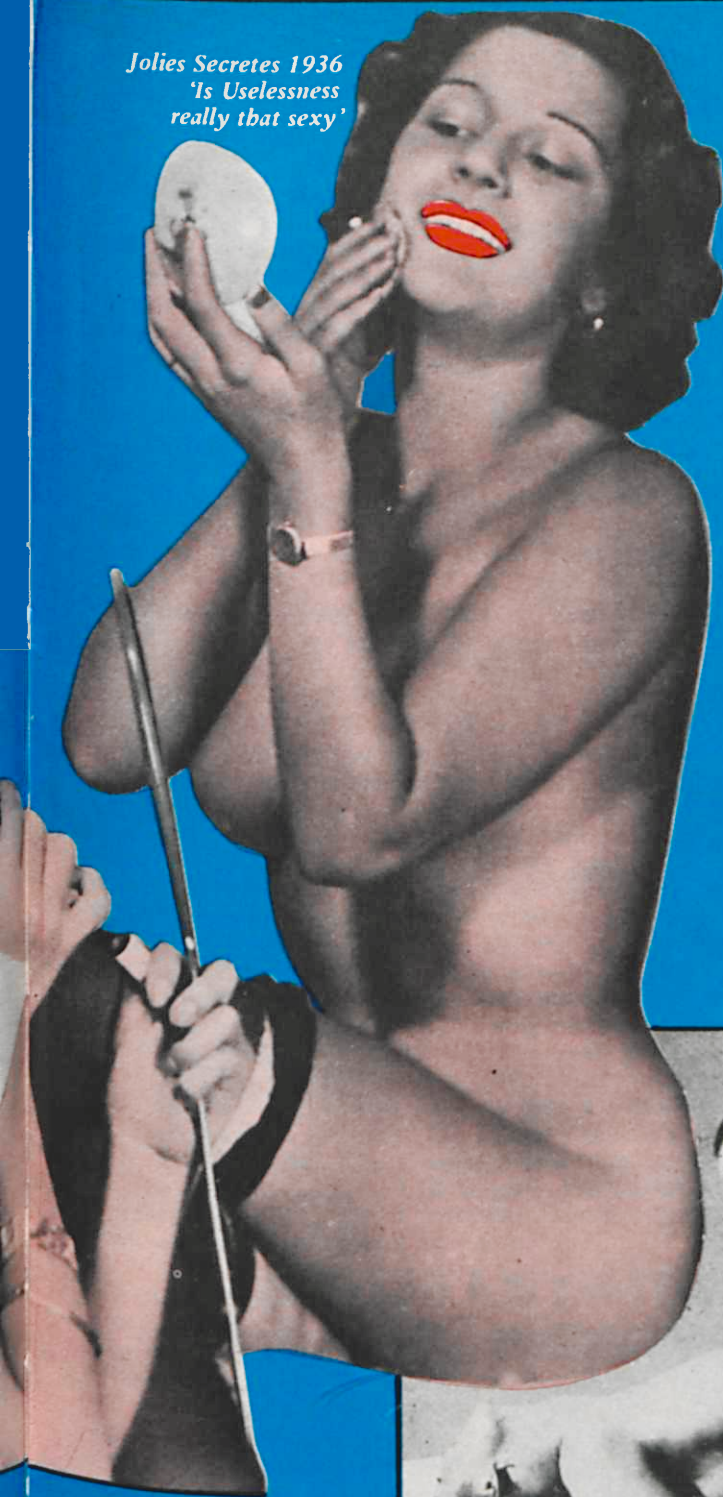
"Hands Up"



*Flirt 'A Fresh
Magazine' 1950*



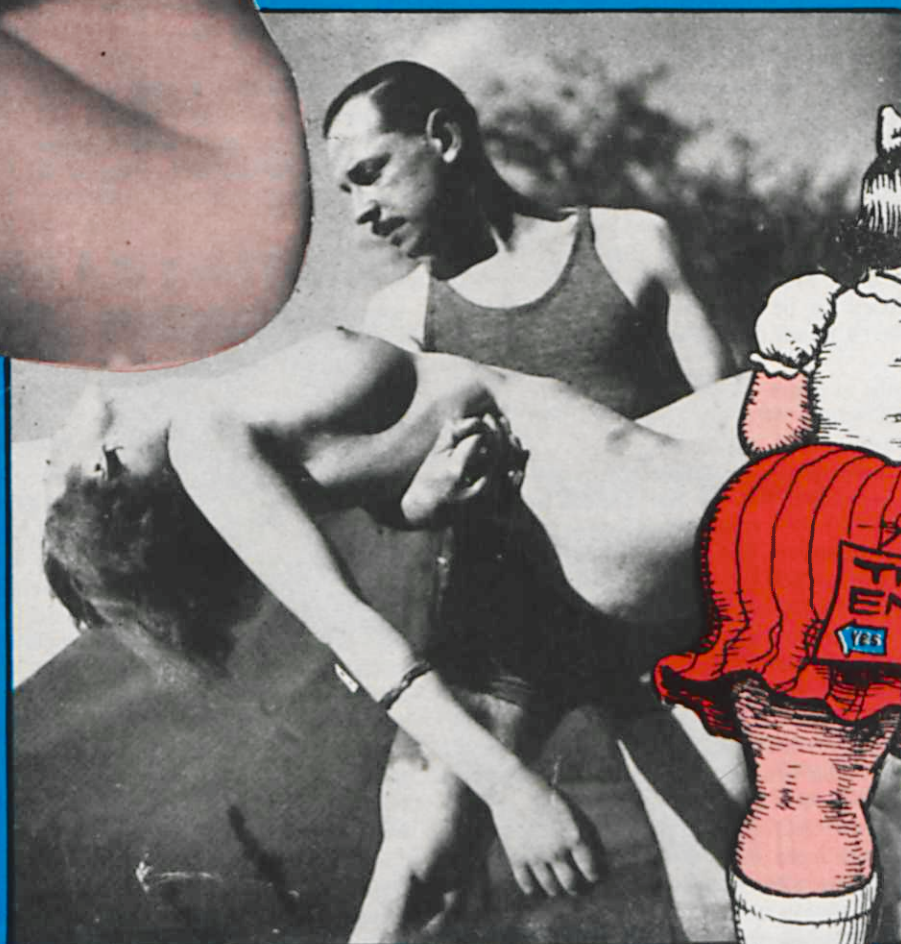
*Jolies Secretes 1936
'Is Uselessness
really that sexy'*



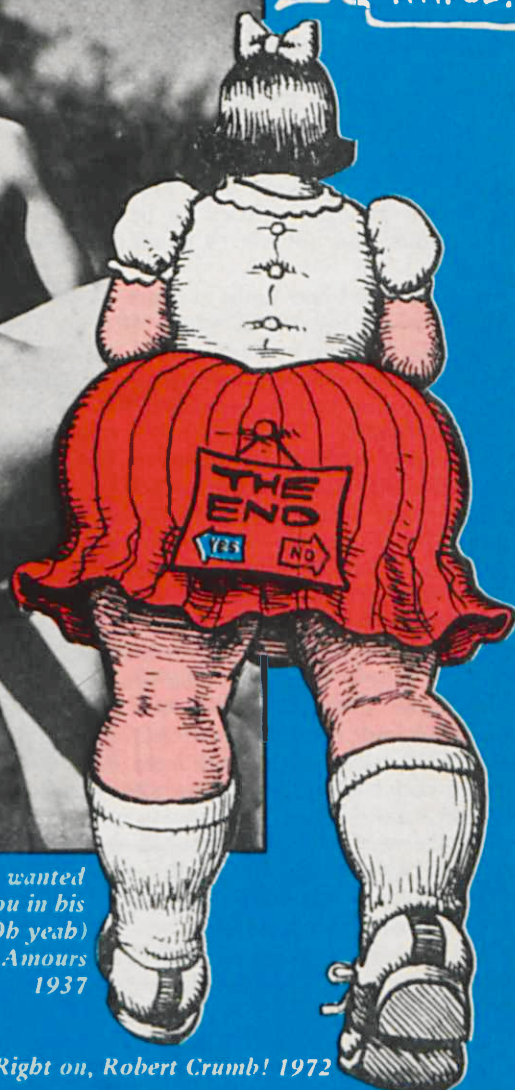
*Your fantasies over the years haven't
changed that much, have they?
If women were really that helpless, do you
think we'd have done so much?
And after all, wouldn't you prefer it if we
could hang up the wallpaper?*



*Miss Finkelstein, y'understand, is an A-1 stenographer,
but I can't break her habit of playing strip poker with
the salesmen' Gay Book 1937.*



*MEN!! AT
BEST THEY'RE
PITIFUL!!*



Pictures from the Brian Mills Collection.

*When Jo has wanted
to raise you in his
arms (Oh yeab)
Paris Mes Amours
1937*

Right on, Robert Crumb! 1972

THE WINE- COLOURED MINI

A SELECTION OF SIX STORIES

OR WORDS TO THAT EFFECT



Angela Phillip's bosom exposure 'Growing up in the bosom boom' in an earlier issue of Spare Rib, prompts me to go as it were, to the other extreme and get to the bottom of the problem.

And believe me, I know all about problem bottoms. What's more, it is my guess that in the 70's women who are 'worried about the size and shape of their breasts' are likely to be just as preoccupied with their posteriors. This is strictly a modern

hangup. Back in the early eighteen hundreds, when the so-called daring bustle came into prominence, its function was not to emphasise the contours of the buttocks (heaven forbid) but to signal to the male population that under the frou-frou of fifteen or so petticoats was a genuine female fanny. No matter how necklines have plunged and reared through the ages, there has been consistent concealment of the female bottom, right up to the 20th century when the first bifurcated garment for ladies revealed to an astonished world that women had legs that went all the way up, and hinged quite neatly on to the body, just like men's—but fascinatingly different.

One man at least, refused to be dazzled by these anatomical revelations, and he wrote a poem on the subject in, I think, the '30s.

'Go deck your lower limbs in pants,
Your's are the legs, not mine, my sweeting,
You look divine as you advance,
Have you seen yourself retreating?'

And I promise you the gentleman had not had a sneak preview of me in hotpants.

Sociologists could write reams about beams—and what they are termed in different strata of society.

When I was a little girl, for instance, my mother used coyly to refer to the 'sit-upon'. We were allowed to say 'backside' too, and in general, bottom was tops. 'Derriere' was a little too refined even for my suburban Liverpool, but Bee- Tee- Em was 'common'. As for 'bum', that was vulgarity itself and occurred only in the rude rhymes we whispered in the Infants' playground. I really believe that if my big brother had walked through the front gate 'NO HAWKERS—NO CIRCULARS' of our 1930's suburban semi, in through the maroon and cream front door, and said 'arse' there would have been some strange apocalypse; the earth would have rocked, the Mersey have burst its banks and engulfed us.

Later in my girls' High School, our gym mistress disdainful, adored, Clarks-sandalled, would refer with infinite remoteness to the 'buh-hind' which for some reason needed to be kept well tucked in for athletic feats.

The stereotype Latin male derives much pleasure from pinching the female bottom, whilst the stage Englishman of course gives his girlfriend's 'seat' an encouraging thwack ('Go it, Fiona!')

But if the seat, bottom or whathaveyou does not measure up to Design Award Standards what then? What if it's too long, too fat,

too flabby? Or all three. It is only in the last five years that I have taken to trousers in a big—some might say vast—way.

I have, you see, the kind of bottom that is to be kindly, statuesque. Rubens would have loved the dimpled flesh (my mother did when I was six months old) and I should think the skin tones are fantastic. It is sad, sad, sad that I should so resemble an over-ripe pear in my pre-shrunk denims. My husband describes the picture I present as I walk away as 'Two little boys fighting under a blanket.' An ancient gag which I am learning to loathe.

I dream sometimes of acquiring a high, apple-firm bottom, of neatly folding it away like a deck chair. Would a plastic surgeon be affronted if I presented him my rear? He might be prepared to cut me down to size, or at least put a few pin-tucks in here and there. Or might I not make a fortune as a Brunel or De Lesseps of the corsetry world? After studying engineering principles of stress, wind resistance and elastic fatigue, I might be able to do for the low-slung bottom what the bra did for the bust.

In the meantime I must just brazen it out and turn the other cheek in the face of all insults. Murmuring incantations like 'Big is beautiful' and 'More means better' I shall walk through the High Street in my throbbing scarlet hipsters. And the devil take the hind-quarters!

Denise Watson

CHRISTMAS IS A HOLIDAY



Goodwill to all men, sing the carolers, but this is one wife whose goodwill wears a little thin as Christmas approaches.

Sometime during November my husband says on a nostalgic note, 'I remember the puddings mother made. We all had to stir, for good luck, you know.'

I do know. I also know that these same puddings were the ersatz war-time variety, comparing unfavourably with even one bought

from the Super-market.

But despite my mutterings, I can't evade the ritual. Then it appears that I haven't mixed even half the amount mother made. Acidly I enquire where he imagines I can boil a dozen or so basins?

However, his childhood memories seem to dim when the children offer their present lists.

'You're spoiling them,' he declares as he views the growing piles. Obviously he can't remember the numerous times he has talked of amusing himself for hours with his super Mecano, or train-set with authentic steaming engines. But then he was an only one. And there's the rub! With four of our own and countless nephews and nieces, I run out of ideas, money and stamina, long before Santa Claus has half done his job. When it comes to my husband's mother I appeal to him for help.

'Oh! anything. You'll know better. You're a woman,' he assures me, forgetting the thirty years that prove a bigger gulf than sex alone.

And that isn't all! Soon it is time to sign our names to the pile of

greetings cards. This wouldn't be so bad if people would stay put. Each year, some distant friend has become somewhat more distant. However, my husband knows *just* where they live.

'First right, second left, then third gear for about a hundred yards.'

Which isn't much help to the postman in his size tens.

Not that the man in my life doesn't *think* about the festive season. My grumble is that his preparations consist of reading a tattered copy of 'A Christmas Carol,' and combining this with the December colour supplements to bring forth some rather bizarre ideas for Yule Time Dishes.

Of course I ignore these, knowing that on the twenty-fifth, he will rise from his turkey, and plum pudding replete and happy. Then, showering his own brand of goodwill, he puts me firmly into an arm-chair.

'We'll do the dishes,' he says and proceeds to organise the children to do this mammoth task before he sinks into another chair.

Each year I wonder what happened to those family games we were going to play. The charades and consequences, and that one gleaned, by my husband of course, from The Times. Perhaps after tea? But there is another vintage movie on the television.

Later, as we switch off T.V., fire and lights an arm steals round my waist. 'Wonderful day, love.' A light, rather alcoholic kiss lands somewhere on my forehead. 'A Christmas the kids will remember.'

He views the sitting-room through a rosy haze. 'It was a day to remember; a family time; a HOLIDAY.'

Phyllis Demaine.

THE WINE-COLOURED MINI



After 8 years.

'Haven't I met you before? Were you ever a schoolteacher?'

'Yes, yes I was. I taught at quite a few schools.'

'What's your name?'

'Nancy Duff-Brice.'

'Oh, I'm sure I didn't teach at the school you went to. I taught at state schools.'

'Yes, yes. Morefield Road Secondary. Is your name Franks. Mr Franks?'

'It is, hmm, Duff-Brice, Duff-Brice? I don't remember you. But I do remember Morefield Road alright. I wasn't there very long. About six terms.'

'My hair was brown at school, I only went blonde about three years ago. You still don't remember me do you? Maybe you remember the girl I sat next to. Her name was Wendy, very emotional, always sobbed when someone got the cane. She never got a whacking though. Small she was. All this was about eight years ago.'

Franks stood very still trying to remember. He couldn't. 'She's got a double-barrelled name, I should remember' he thought. 'No, I can't recall her. I'll just have to pretend I do.'

'Oh, yes, now I remember you. Yes, Nancy Duff-Brice.'

'D'you know, Mr Franks, I had a real crush on you. I thought you were the most intelligent thing there was. I used to watch you drive home every evening in your wine-coloured mini. That was a nice touch. The wine-coloured mini I mean. Made you different from the other teachers. You didn't wear glasses then. Would you remember Mr Bough?'

'Indeed I do'. Franks was loosening up. Beginning to enjoy Duff-Brice's company. 'Indeed I do' he repeated. 'Bald as a coote; pink as a whore's under-garments and as boring as sour milk.'

They laughed.

'Yes, he was all those things', said Duff-Brice, 'but I liked him, he never tried to be friendly, he knew he couldn't. He knew what he could do and just did it.'

'What happened to him? Do you know?'

'Yes, he left a year after you did. I don't know after that. I can remember the day you left. Yes, I ran into the lav, to cry my eyes out. I felt very sad. I ached. I remember racing up the stairs to the cloakroom. I ran into you. You caught me, to say goodbye, held out a warm, hairy hand for me to shake. You laughed and patted my head. Where did you go?'

Franks handed her a drink.

'I went to a school in Yorkshire, a small village school. I began teaching younger kids, 12 year olds. I couldn't seem to hold their attention for more than ten minutes at a time. I'd never taught anyone under 14 before. Anyway, it just didn't work. So I left. I was out of work a year before I decided to pack in teaching altogether. Now I, here, have a cigarette. Do you smoke now?'

'Yes, I do. And I did then. We all smoked at playtime in the toilets. Thanks.'

They stood puffing and blowing smoke past each other's face. Franks spoke. 'What do you do then?'

I act.'

'An actress, fancy that. I've never seen you on the box. Are you with a company or something?'

'Yes, the local rep. It's fun, it's hard and it can be boring. But I didn't go to drama school, so.'

'An actress', he thought.

'Yes, I know the man who threw this party from the rep. He's always hanging round the actresses, asking them to this or that party. So I came to this.'

'I'm here because he's my brother.'

'Am I blushing, I ought to be.'

'Never mind, I know he's a bit phoney but he's not harmful. Just likes to say he knows famous people. Are you with anyone?'

'Yes, the boyfriend.'

'He an actor too?'

'Yes.'

'Then it's not a steady match?'

'S'right, we're just together until we're not. Are you married Mr Franks?'

'I was. I married a lady while in Yorkshire, a pianist. She played Chopin to perfection. You could smell, hear and eat her music. She died a year after we married.'

'I wouldn't have thought you'd marry, I'm surprised to hear you did.'

Franks gulped down the end of his drink. 'Has your crush gone Nancy?'

'Yes, of course it has. But I still like you. I think I shall like you. Tell me what you do, you didn't finish telling me the last time.'

'I'll tell you. I'm the manager of a supermarket.'

'Oh, hell, Mr Franks, do you like it?'

'I just do it, Nancy. I've got to be going now. Do you and your boyfriend want a lift?'

Nancy searched for the boyfriend with her head. She spotted him.

'I don't think he's ready to go yet.'

'Goodbye then, Nancy. I might come and see a production sometime.'

'Yes, yes you come and see me as Helena in "The Dream", I'd like you to come.'

'Bye.'

'Goodbye Mr Franks. Now where has puck got to.' Mary McCabe

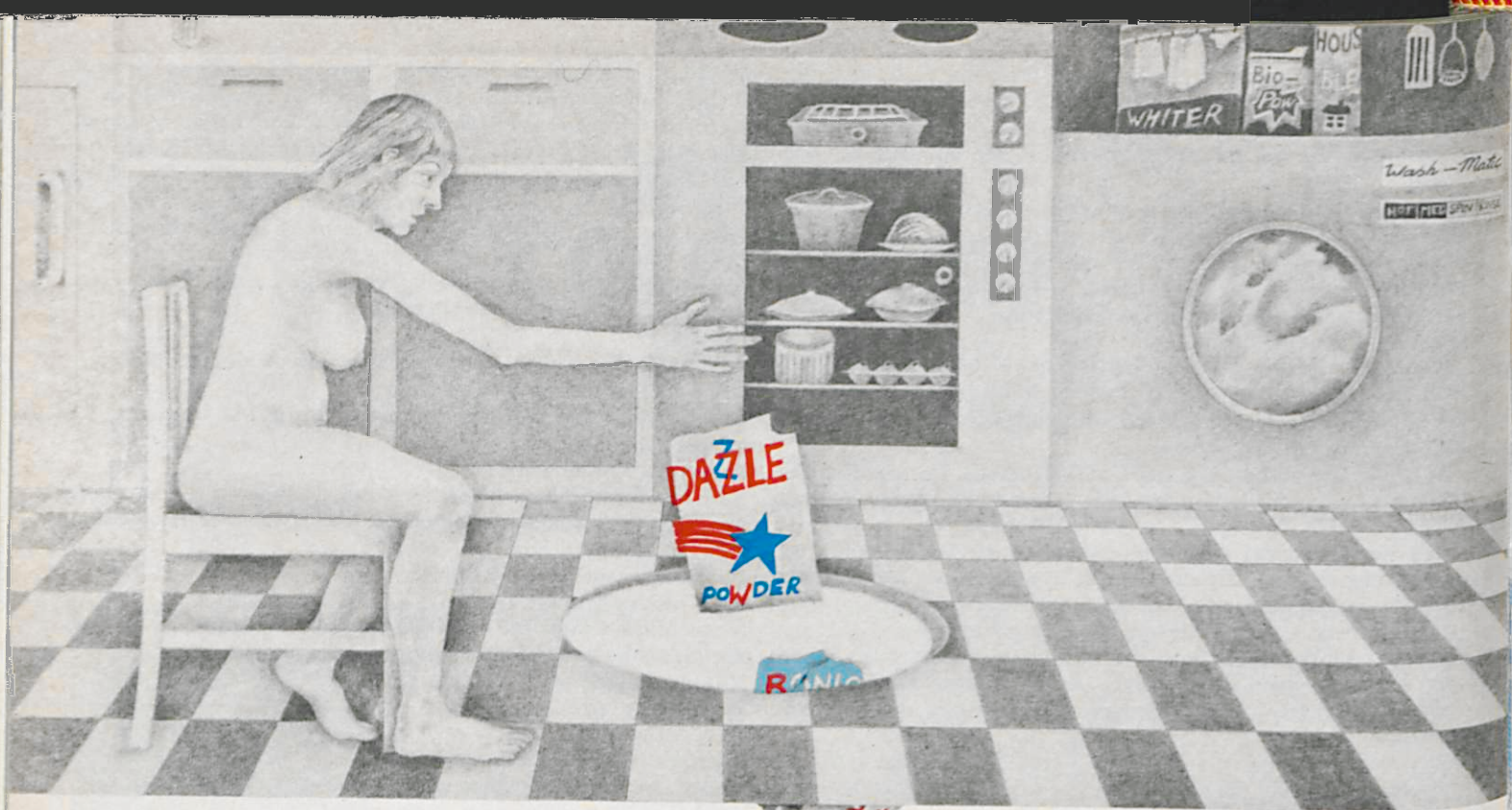
I'VE TOOK TO YOU

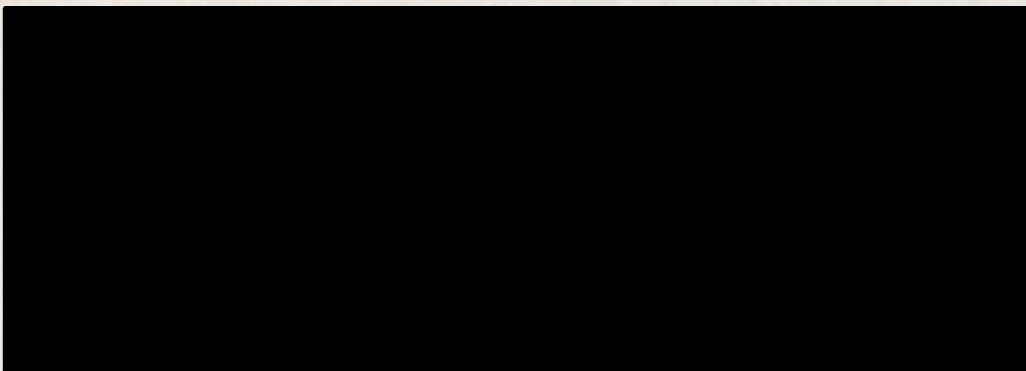


She looked sad, this old woman nobody had any time for, then her eyes sparkled. 'I've took to you', she said. 'You've no idea what it's like in the middle of the night, I sit on the edge of the bed and I can't get my breath.' At this point I must explain that she had an arthritic hip which, when she walked, made her drag one leg behind her. She took a step with the left leg, dragged the right leg up behind the left to take the weight on the right, and

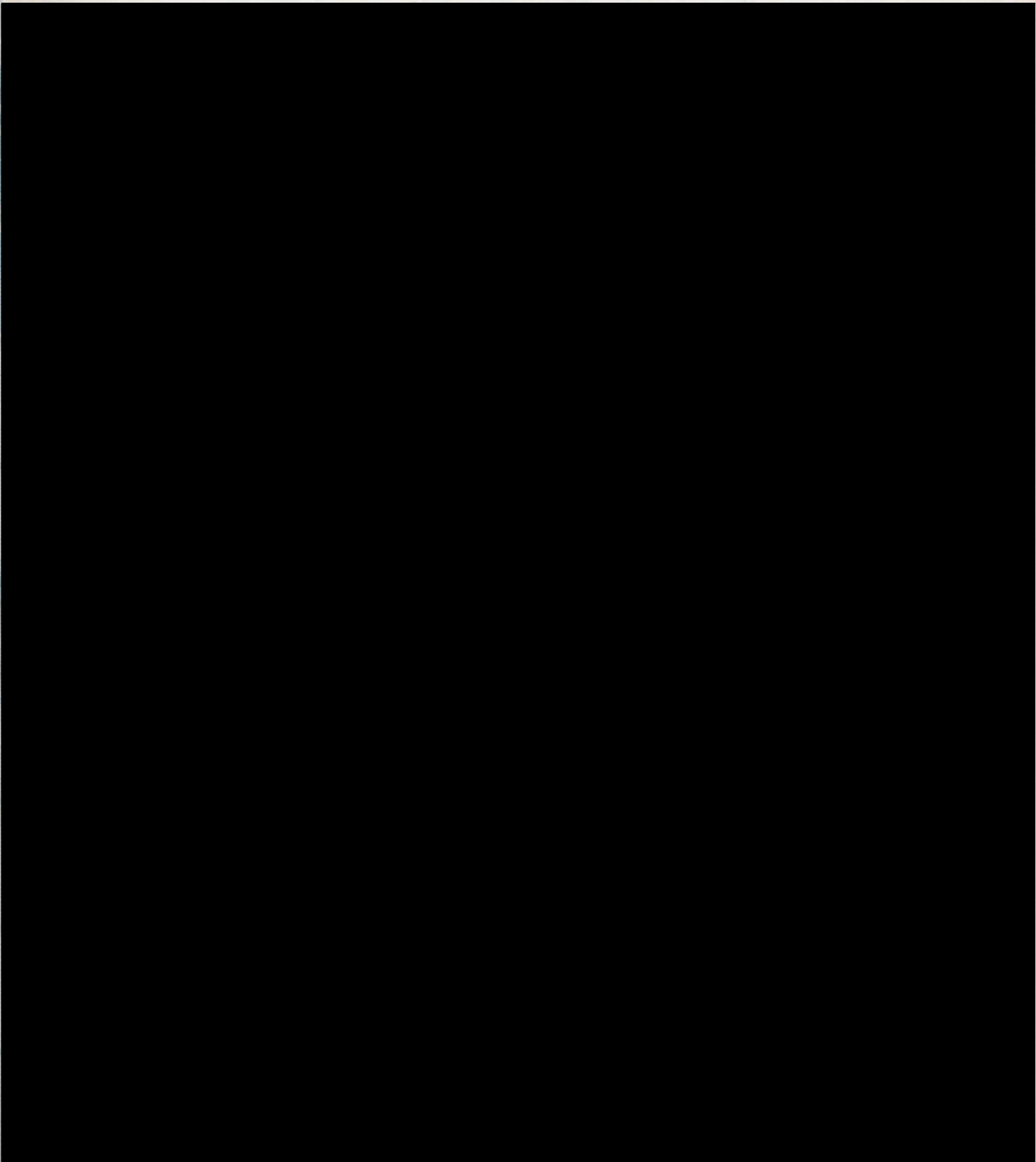
another step with the left. I was most interested in this form of walking but realized it was excessively slow, because of the inability to put the right foot forward. So there we have her, scarcely able to walk in the middle of an attack where she can't get her breath, she wants to go over to the window to get air, she can't, she wants someone to come and hear her cry for help, no one comes. She has a phone in the other room but because of the bad hip, it would take ten minutes to reach it. So she sits there in an agony of fright, waiting for the attack to pass away. Did I forget to mention she lived in a multi-storey block of flats. It was two years since she had been out because she gets stuck in the lift

continued on page 16





Illustrations by Christine McCauley

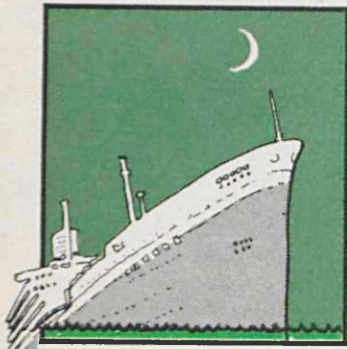


doors, because she can't hurry. 'I call this prison', she told me. 'Yes', I said, 'I see what you mean. Unless someone comes to see you, it is exactly that.'

I then helped her to dress, there was a little difficulty here as she hadn't strength to pull things over her head. I was horrified when she pulled off her night dress and started from scratch and by that I mean her natural skin. She was, as is common with old people, very thin and her breasts dropped. However, overcoming my revulsion, I helped her dress. To get on the shoes and stockings was the hardest part because on the bad side the foot wouldn't leave the floor. I feel at some stage in the commencement of the arthritis, therapy would have been beneficial but of course I don't know all the facts. When it came time for me to leave her, I didn't want to leave her with her loneliness as I was already late. Eventually I rushed out saying I will see you Friday, feeling very cruel for going.

Mrs Grant

WELCOME 'ABOARD THE TITANIC



I'm sick to death of people, especially women, telling me 'It's a man's world'. It all depends which drawer you're in; I'm in bottom-drawer, myself. You might have the pleasure of seeing me, by the roadside; great clomping boots and donkey jacket. Watch out for the flashing shovel. I'm one of 'them'; yer actual navvy, mate.

I've made several attempts to wriggle out of the concrete. My wife, Wendy, agrees that I should

have a spell at home whilst she goes out to work; yet the rotten, lousy system thwarts me every time.

Why? Because Wendy refuses to be a typist.

Quite rightly, she says she's had three years of it, and she fancies doing something different. Bravo! In the meantime, we scour the city for a job that will give her a wage big enough to keep the three of us. Because of my unfortunate State-blessed role as 'breadwinner', we would not qualify for Family Income Supplement if I, as 'head of the household' were to rely on my wife's income.

Then I saw this big orange poster down at the Labour Exchange; A SECOND CHANCE TO LEARN A TRADE.

We'd often thought about trying the Government Training scheme; I'd fancies being a welder, but the waiting list stretched into years. So we were curious as to how women stood regarding Government Training Courses.

We decided to find out.

For men, there are 46 Government Training Centres in Britain, between them offering 43 courses in everything from slating and tiling to scientific glassblowing. You can even become a gent's hairdresser, provided you are disabled, ex-regular army and unemployed. Courses vary in length between thirteen weeks for storekeeping and 52 weeks for typewriter repairing. A man, married with one child receives an allowance of £15.05p per week, plus meals and busfares.

Wendy telephoned the Women's Labour Exchange and said; 'Tell me about training courses'.

The girl on the phone said she'd 'put her through'.

Another lady; 'Yes, training Division?'

'I'd like to know if I could train to be an arc welder.'

There was a pause on the other end of the line.

'Could you repeat that, please?'

Wendy spoke clearly into the mouthpiece; 'Could you tell me about welding?' Another pause followed.

'I think you want the male labour exchange.'

We didn't smile; after all, we were serious.

'No—the women's section. Government Training Courses?'

'Just a moment—I'll put you through to the Training Manager.'

So; they even had to have a man in charge of the Women's Labour Exchange.

A deep brown, condescending voice oozed from the 'phone.

'Now then, Madam. Did you say *Welding*?'

'Yes.'

'It's not exactly what we would classify as a woman's job.'

Striking whilst the iron was hot, Wendy interrupted with

'Well—how about radio and TV servicing?'

He gave an embarrassed chuckle.

'It's not really women we had in mind, er, for a start, they'd be unable to lift television sets, and that would cause problems. I think you've been looking at the courses offered to the men's section.'

We paused at our end.

'Well; what can you offer me; twenty-five, married one child?'

He cleared his throat.

'There's mainly clerical training for women; shorthand, typing. We pay you an allowance of £9.50 per week during training, and of course your meals and busfares are provided.'

Wendy made a humming sound and said; 'Scientific Glassblowing?' we waited, and then; 'Perhaps you'd like to call in and see us? We could have a talk?'

And so, 'Daddy', as I have often been called, remains in his wellies, down in the sand and gravel.

That brings me back to finding a way out of it all. One considers suicide, but I've got too much to live for, really.

I don't know where women stand in the minds of American Senators, but two of these gentlemen, Mike Mansfield and George Aitken, have introduced a plan to give tax relief to 'the working man'. (Their phrase, not mine), as he wears himself out at work. The U.S. already gives tax relief to industry for depleting oil, gold and even sand reserves, and the Senators' plan would give tax deduction of at least 10% of annual wages or earned income. The relief would be greater for the more mentally or physically demanding jobs.

Sounds good—but why not retire ten years earlier on a decent pension; why do we have to *waste* our bodies? I'm only thirty, yet some days I imagine I see my pension-book on the mantelpiece after shifting two tons of hot cement or a couple of thousand bricks.

I hate being a bloke; it's got nothing, and unless you're prepared to hawk your morals, wear a suit, cut your hair and learn the cunning art of salesmanship, your life is over. You can stay down here with the muck, or end up on the dole, with all its traditional connotations.

I sometimes think we're all in the same boat; it's the Titanic, and it's sinking fast.

Roy Bainton.

A WOMAN SITS



A woman sits in the easy chair of her suburban home in Johannesburg, South Africa. She is dressed in an old-fashioned style of supposed 'good taste,' her hair piled up in a sort of bee-hive.

But don't for a minute think she's out of touch. She reads imported magazines which tell her of world-wide trends and activities.

'Anna!' she turns her head towards the large white kitchen. 'Make me some tea, please.' She again buries

her nose in her magazine. The bell rings.

'Oh damn. Anna! Just get the door, will you?'

A subservient 'Yes madam,' echoes quietly down the corridor and the door is opened.

'Madam,' says Anna, 'it's for you.'

Oh, who is it?

'Another madam, madam. Shall I tell her to come in?'

'Yes, of course Anna, and you'd better make it two teas.'

The woman puts down her magazine and picks up an overseas newspaper.

'Why, hello Renee. How are you? Do sit down. I'm just reading in The London Times about Women's Liberation.'

'Really? How interesting. Yes, I gather it's a very fashionable thing to get into.'

'Actually, what they say, oh thank you Anna, just put it on the trolley, will you? what was I saying? yes, emancipation—I think that's a popular term, white or black? sugar?'

'No, black, please, without. I'm slimming. James says I'm putting on weight. But I won't refuse a tiny bit of that delicious looking chocolate cake. Did you make it?'

'Well, no, not really. Anna is very good, you know. She's learnt very quickly. I just supervise now. Going back to this Liberation thing, what do you really think?'

continued on page 25

Claimants of the World, Unite

Judith R. is an unsupported mother with three children, aged eleven, six and five months. She can't go out to work since she has no-one to look after the kids, and is totally dependent on the £16.05 the Social Security pay her every week. She just about manages to get by. A couple of months ago she allowed a manfriend to stay at her flat for a few nights while he was looking for someplace to stay and, unfortunately, a Social Security investigator found out. Immediately, Judith was accused of cohabitation and her claims book was taken away from her. When she went down to the Social Security office to protest, she was turned away and refused her normal payment. In a state of near desperation, with no money to buy food for the children and £4.50 rent overdue, she got in touch with her local Claimants' Union. That same day the Union went down to the Social Security office and lodged an appeal, and three days later the appeal was heard. Cohabitation according to the Department of Social Security's own definition could not be proved, and Judith's claims book was immediately returned to her and her payments resumed. And, while they were at it, the Claimants' Union secured for her a grant towards clothing for the children—to which she was entitled—and an electric fire because her flat was damp.

Every day Claimants' Unions all over the country fight and win dozens of cases like this. For that is exactly what they have set themselves up to do—to make sure that anyone who is on Social Security gets all he is entitled to. The first Claimants' Union started in Birmingham, but now there are dozens of branches in major cities all over the country. For the address of your nearest Claimants' Union, or for information on how to set up a new branch in your area, write to: North London Claimants' and Unemployed Workers' Union, 18 Ashbrook Road, London N.19., or Handsworth Claimants' Union, 40 Hall Road, Handsworth, Birmingham 12. They are run by people who live on Social Security themselves—unsupported mothers, and disabled, or out of work men and women of all ages from every sort of back-

ground, who have learned the hard way what it means to be dependent on the State for living. They know their rights and they know how to fight for them.

For the sad fact is that just because the sick, the unsupported and the out of work happen to be entitled to Social Security (now properly called Supplementary Allowance) doesn't mean that they are automatically going to be paid it. Anything but. At the very least, they're going to have to endure the standard demoralising visit of assessment, when the validity of their claim will be judged, and at the very worst they're going to find themselves working their way through the whole terrifying system of appeals and tribunals. And even then, there's no guarantee that they'll get what they're entitled to.

'The trouble is,' says one

London Claimants' Union member, 'that most people don't know what they're entitled to, so they don't realise it when they're being cheated.' And, since current Social Security rates are only barely enough to live on anyway—£6.55 per week for a single householder, for example, £1.90 for an under-five-year-old—how can anyone be expected to survive on less?

'I've known of cases where people were being paid as much as £5 less than they were entitled to,' admits one north London social worker, 'but I don't think it's deliberate on the part of the Social Security. It's just that they don't bother to let people know.'

The Claimants' Unions, on the other hand, make it part of their job to let people know. They produce dozens of leaflets setting out precisely what the rights of claimants are, and go out distributing them at local Social Security offices. 'They don't like it when we do that. Sometimes they call the cops in to kick us out, even though we've a perfect right to be there. After all, it's a public place, isn't it?'

And, one would have thought, so do the claimants have a perfect right to know what they're entitled to—to know, for instance, that people who have been ordered on to a special diet by their doctor are entitled to an extra allowance to cover the cost, that special allowances are also available to cover fares for visiting relatives in hospital or prison, that there are such things as clothing and furnishing grants for those who need them and that gas or electricity bills or rent arrears can be paid by the Social Security in some cases. For a lot of people, in fact, do not know. And that means that a lot of people go without.

The strength of the Claimants' Unions lies in their solidarity. They support each other and always go along to the Social Security offices in groups when making claims—and they advise other people to do the same. 'Never go on your own, always get a couple of friends to go along with you to back you up.'

'A woman can be cut off because they discover she's had a man up to her flat a couple of times. They immediately assume he must be keeping her—which is ridiculous. Why should they find it so hard to conceive of a woman being independent? And how can you call it anything less than persecution when they refuse money to an unsupported woman who is unable to go out to work and who has a child to look after?'

In fact, a woman should not be cut off from Social Security payments unless cohabitation can be proved, and, according to the Social Security's own definition, this involves, among other things, two people living together like a married couple, using the same surname, sharing living expenses and using the same address. Simply sleeping with a man or being found with a pair of men's boots or a pipe in the house is not cohabitation. But plenty of women, like Judith R., have had their claims books taken away from them for less. And not all of them have the good sense to go to the Claimants' Union for help.

One of the most vulnerable groups who have to depend on Social Security to survive are the unsupported mothers,

and the same social worker who claimed that most Social Security misdeeds were not deliberate, admits that they do tend to treat women badly.

There's less chance of them intimidating you if you're not alone—you won't be so tempted just to slink off empty-handed when they start mucking you about. You've got to be prepared to demand your rights, and to wait there all day if necessary until they give you the money you're entitled to. And it's much easier to do that if you've got someone with you who's on your side.'

Claimants' Union tactics vary quite a lot from group to group. Some are very militant, others less so. 'The more militant ones think nothing of going into the Social Security office and kicking up a fuss,' says another London welfare worker. 'They shout at the clerks and bang on the counters and, of course, the Social Security clerks are mostly afraid of them. They usually get what they're after quickly and without any bother at all, and to that extent I sympathise with their tactics. I wouldn't normally take this stand, but I feel that maybe the embarrassment of having these groups of people barging in and creating a fuss could force the Social Security to rethink the whole system.'

And there seems little doubt that the system is badly in need of a rethink. Criticism comes not only from groups like the Claim-

ants' Unions who are outside it, but from inside as well. Some Social Security officers themselves feel it's about time something was done. 'We are fed up with being used by the Government to impose an official poverty line,' a group of them claim in the first issue of their new newsheet Counter Action. 'We don't want to be means testers yet, so that we can keep our jobs, we have to keep in line and administer this degrading Social Security system.' They go on to proclaim that this system is being used as an instrument of repression of working people, and end up by demanding, among other things, a scale of rates tied to the movement of wages, an end to the system of secret reporting, and that people be informed of their entitlements.

All of which the Claimants' Unions would heartily support, and which would seem to indicate that the road might actually lie open now for some kind of dialogue between Social Security officials and Claimants' Unions. Already a number of social service departments are recognising the Claimants' Unions movement as a competent and highly relevant organisation and have started referring cases to them. It is not outside the bounds of possibility that even the Department of Social Security might be persuaded to listen, and the Unions may well succeed in bringing about the guaranteed adequate income for everyone—including housewives—that they aim for.

by Mary Anderson



Angela Phillips

MEDICAL Fluoride link

Sir Keith Joseph is considering the possibility of curbing the availability of medicinal products containing hexachlorophane. The chemical has been banned in the United States, and a mistakenly high concentration of it in talcum powder was recently responsible for the death of several babies in France, perhaps as many as 50.

Many manufacturers of medicinal or cosmetic preparations have stopped putting hexachlorophane in their products, Sir Keith told MPs recently.

'I am considering whether statutory limitations should be imposed on the availability of medicinal products containing hexachlorophane and I am in consultation with the Home Secretary over cosmetic and toilet preparations,' he said.

He may prohibit the sale of any product containing the chemical (pHisohex is one of the most popular) except on a doctor's prescription.

Controversial antiseptic

Large-scale surveys have linked the fluoridation of water supplies with the marked increase in the rate of mongol births in the United States (now reported to be four times that in Hiroshima).

In England, however, the Chief Medical Officer of Health, undeterred, has attacked local authorities who have not embraced fluoridation for 'holding up progress' in the dental health of the nation's children.

Could this be because fluoride is a by-product of aluminium smelting and that the industrialists with a vested interest in fluoridation are too powerful to ignore?

Help for U and I

Cystitis victims need no longer suffer in embarrassed silence. Ms Angela Kilmartin, of North London, has founded a registered charity

The Penguin guide to Supplementary Benefits is a simple, comprehensive and up to date guide to the grounds on which claims can be based and to the likely response of local officials. A Penguin Special by Tony Lynes. 40p

called the U (for Urinary) and I club to promote research and publicity into this 'female ailment'. Details from The U and I Club, 8 Hopping Lane, Canonbury, London.

Hormones under suspicion

The New England Journal of Medicine, September 28, 1972, reports from the United States that many doctors are uneasy about long-term medical use of female hormones. The synthetic substitute for the sex hormone oestrogen, known as stilboestral, is particularly suspect. It is used for treating women with non-functioning ovaries and for preventing threatened miscarriages. Three girls treated for the former condition have developed genital cancer, as have 13 teenage girls born to mothers given stilboestral throughout pregnancy. Medical authorities conclude that hormone treatments during pregnancy or in pre-pubescent girls must be seen as potentially hazardous.

Which bigger breasts

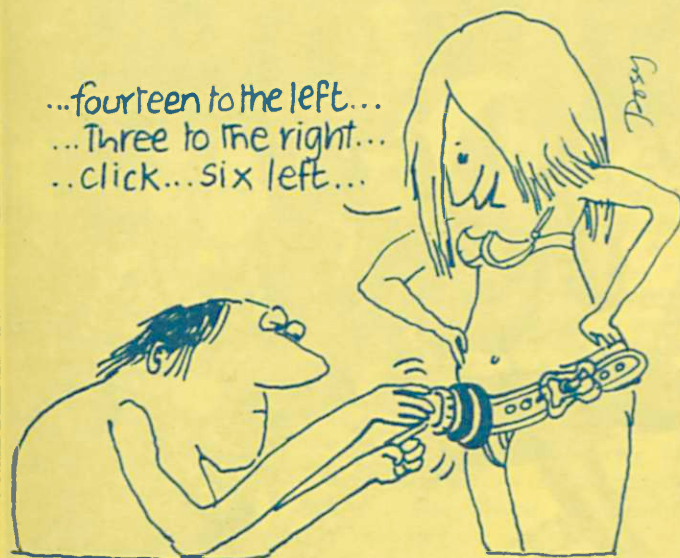
A *Which?* report published on November 3 says that the only reliable way for women to enlarge their breasts is plastic surgery. Creams, cold water treatments, and physical exercisers all prove to no avail. Surgical enlargement of the breast can cost more than £300. *Which?* cautions: 'Before embarking' (on treatment for bigger breasts) 'you might make sure you're satisfying someone's real desire — preferably your own — and not some adman's dream.'

P.S. The magazine records a long-shot. One member of the Consumers' Association has gained three inches since 1967 — simply by discarding her bra. *Women's Report*

Women's Report, a bi-monthly news sheet for women by women, distributed to subscribers throughout the UK. Produced jointly by members of the Fawcett Society and the Women's Lobby to act as a national clearing house for information between British women and women's organisations. Subscription rate is £1.00 a year. Mailing address to send information and to receive copies is: Fawcett House, 27 Wilfred Street, London SW1.

Costly chastity

by Arthur Nicklin



From time to time there is a sudden demand for old things — like painted Victorian chamber pots.

Now apparently, sales of the chastity belt are booming.

Robin Hugessen and his wife Anne who run the Hugessen Organisation at Halstead, Essex say that the demand for their chastity belts is so great that it's difficult to keep up the supply. Last year they sold 1500 belts and orders are flooding in. 1972 promises to be a record year.

Anne Hugessen says that they receive many amazing letters from customers all over the World — even from the Virgin Isles.

For instance, a man in Belgium, ordered two chastity belts, saying this would solve the problem of knowing what his wife was doing when he was with his girl friend and what his girl friend was up to when he was with his wife.

It seems that the modern chastity belt can be put to a variety of uses. For example, it can be used as a container for hanging flower baskets, original lamp fittings, or even an anti-theft device for your car. The miniature belt could do service as a flower pot stand or a toilet roll holder.

The large Belts cost £4.50 each and the miniature Belt retails at about £1.50. All carry a nine month guarantee!

ITALY: Inquest on husbands

Last July Lieta Harrison, a long-haired sultry brunette from Palermo, published her latest inquiry into Italian sexual mores. It is called: **THE MARRIED WOMAN. A THOUSAND WIVES ACCUSE THEIR HUSBANDS.** She interviewed 528 mothers and their married daughters about their conjugal relations and their attitude to adultery. A large majority of women of all ages complained that the husband was a selfish bed-fellow. 'It's all over in two minutes,' 'I never get any satisfaction,' were common remarks. As for male adultery, 43.3% of the mothers and only 13% of the daughters pretended to take no notice. 48.4% of the daughters and only 27.7% of the mothers got their own back by taking a lover in their turn. Most admitted that they made the best of a bad job because in the case of separation they would be unable to support their children.

Don't let it burn

What happens to Spare Rib when you've read it? Well it won't do for fish and chips, but on Teesside it can be saved for the new door-to-door paper collection organised by the North East Survival Group together with newspapers and cardboard.

The idea is to re-cycle material and show the council that it can be profitable to collect waste paper separately.

Money collected from sales will be shared between the group and Toc H who are providing a mini-bus service operating on Saturdays.

Response to the 'save it, don't let it burn' appeal have been very encouraging — all you have to do is leave it on your doorstep.

Not enough scandal

Because it hasn't enough customers County Durham's only home for unmarried mothers is in danger of closing. County officials blame the drop on the permissive society.

For the last year Firtree Grange, Howden-le-Wear, near Crook has been running at less than half its capacity causing costs for a mother and child to rise from £3.28 per day to £5.72. It takes £40 a week to keep the staff of two matrons, cooks and cleaners.

A spokesman for the Social Services Department which runs the hostel says 'These days its just not scandalous for an unmarried girl to be pregnant, so many parents allow the girls to stay at home without fearing gossip from the neighbours.'

The so-called permissive society has been blamed for a good many things, but teaching people their responsibilities is a new angle worth thinking about.

GROUP



Dial-a-parent

Dial-a-Parent came into action in early January (3rd) 1972, the original idea having been born at a C.A.S.E. meeting late in 1971. Mr. Castle, an 'interested parent' and the brains behind the scheme, joined C.A.S.E. after attending a W.E.A./C.A.S.E. course on primary education held in the evenings once a week during the last three months of 1971.

As one of C.A.S.E.'s main aims is to strengthen the liaison between home and school, suggestions for improving this liaison were being put forward. The Dial-a-Parent idea was originated and thought to be a workable and revolutionary way of creating a good channel of communication between parents and schools. All it needed after the initial suggestion was someone willing to give their phone number for members of the public to ring with their enquiries. This was obtained and the person who answers the phone, although untrained in the educational field, has access to a list of people willing to give of their professional knowledge including members of the teaching profession, clergy of different denominations, people connected with youth work and also ordinary

parents who are able to give advice based on their own experiences.

At the outset of the Dial-a-Parent service, Mr. Castle made many efforts to obtain money to advertise and help to run the scheme by visiting pubs, and clubs, giving them details of what we were trying to do. This was something of a disappointment as a rather sceptical attitude was experienced, and it did not recoup as much as was hoped. As C.A.S.E. and Dial-a-Parent are not charities, we rely on donations for our running costs. The brief advertising campaign which we did have in the local press however, had an encouraging response.

The type of problems we have dealt with have been varied, but generally of an emotional nature e.g. children being unsettled at their first experience of school at the

infant stage and again at the transition from primary into secondary education. Many parents feel hesitant at approaching the teachers themselves when their children have problems at school, and just need reassurance that it really is the right thing to do. One of the greatest barriers between the 'professional' and the 'layman' in educational matters is the 'jargon' used by the former making the parent feel inadequate and totally uninformed and out of touch with what goes on in schools. The Dial-a-Parent service aims to break down these barriers and open up a channel of communication which can be advantageous to both sides of the system.

If anyone is interested in D.A.P. contact Denis Castle, 8 Glanville Crescent, Scunthorpe, Lincs. [Scun 66532].



Delegates attending the all-African Women's Liberation conference held earlier this year in Tanzania.

Occupational Pensions

by Christine Eade

Women, with their erratic working lives, interrupted by marriage, pregnancy and childrearing, are heavily discriminated against when they try to join their firm's occupational pension schemes — and working class women fare the worst.

The Government Actuary surveyed the situation last year, and in his findings, which are just published, he says that 21 per cent of private occupational pension schemes will not allow women to join and 25 per cent will only admit women who do non-manual work.

Behind the statistics, there is the picture of five million women working in Britain excluded from their firm's occupational schemes. Yet out of this figure, only 300,000 refused to join. The rest were told that they were too young, too old, ineligible or had not worked for long enough.

Now the Government has moved in with its own State Reserve Pension to catch those who fall through the coarse mesh of private schemes. It is estimated that

the new scheme will catch three million working women. A woman of 22 who is now earning £30 a week would receive £11-9p upon her retirement, in addition to the old age pension, if earnings rose at 3 per cent a year between now and the end of the century. If she earned £48 a week, she would get £19 a week when she retired.

A married woman, whose husband contributed to the State Reserve Scheme would get half his weekly pension when he died.

All these proposals are embodied in the Social Security Bill, which is now before Parliament. It will begin to operate in April, 1975.

But women who give up work before the age of sixty will also benefit from a deferred pension, either from the State Reserve Pension or if they have been able to contribute to a private occupational pension. They will not get a lump sum of their contributions returned to them, but they will receive a reduced pension, based on the time they have been at work.

The Government will also insist that a man's private occupational pension makes provision for his widow. She must either receive half her husband's pension if he dies after the age of 65, or receive an equivalent lump sum if he dies earlier.

Maternity grants and allowance will remain much the same, with the grant now at £25 and the weekly allowance at £6-75p, although the figure could be lower, if the basic contributions have not been kept up. But widows will get an earnings-related

addition to their £6-75p pension, depending on how much their late husbands were earning.

The Bill will pass through Parliament without much controversy, as it has many of the features of the pensions plan which the Labour Government abandoned in favour of a general election. But the universal criticism will be the slowness of implementation, and the realization that men and women will not live in the kind of society with an adequate pension from their job and another from the state until the early years of the twenty-first century.

The Bill is 229 pages long, contains a wide range of social provisions, many specifically for women, including maternity allowances, child allowances and widowed mother's allowances.

It also brings women's contributions in line with men's for the old age pension which will still be paid in addition to occupational pensions. At present, a man who earns £20 a week, pays £1-16p towards his old age pension, but a

woman with the same wages pays only 99p. From 1975, £20-a-week earners will both pay £1-05p of their earnings to the basic pension. Similarly, a man who earns £40 a week, and now pays £2.11p in contributions, will now pay a penny less under the scheme, while a woman earning £40 a week, will have to pay 16p a week more in contributions to bring her up to the man's figure of £2-10p. It will take five years to bring women's contributions to the same level as a man's.

Yet despite the equal treatment, retirement still begins for women at 60 and men at 65. And married women and widows can still choose not to pay full contributions to the basic scheme.



It's chicken feed

Giving their employers the bird in more ways than one, a 150 women evening shift workers walked out complaining of slave labour in Hartlepool.

They said they got £8.13- for working four hours a night, five days a week, some ankle deep in water at the Ross Poultry group's Buxted chicken factory. The factory's 400 workers, members of the National Union of Agricultural and Allied Workers, have been pressing for increases of £5 a week for the day shift and £2.50 for the night shift.

One of the women said the firm was 'trying to get away with slave labour' by dragging on negotiations pending the outcome of the Government's anti-inflation talks with industry and the TUC.

Next time you buy a Buxted chicken, remember the slave who stuffed it for 40p an hour.

Nudge, nudge

When a woman teacher, aged 21, applied for a job at a school in Shoreham, Sussex, it was found that the confidential report from her

previous head teacher included the following statement: 'After half term she came back married! Not one of her colleagues had known of her intentions, so you must draw your own conclusions!' The National Association of Schoolmasters (sic) described the case as one of the most extreme examples of the controversial system of circulating secret reports on teachers seeking promotion. *Women's Report*

Subtle Alternatives

Dear Spare Rib,

Your article entitled 'The flesh coloured, nicer tasting, ob-so-subtle seduction' (October issue) was very interesting, but see how easily the picture can be transformed by simply changing the caption. I am sure your readers could find many more captions which would alter the original meaning of the picture.

Yours faithfully, A. Chapman



Thank God, it's his turn to cook next week.



Let me fasten your dress dear, while you enjoy your drink.

So he thinks he can play Cinderella with me, does he!



Diana Lamb, 56 year old grand-mother, started a new career as an interviewer and producer for Radio Teesside two years ago. Eileen Rountree asked her what she thought her programmes were about, 'they are more than just a news feature - I see them as being about human relationships. But I don't just do social problems - I love finding people who can tell a funny story. Listeners have now realised the sort of people I like to interview, and so they ring up and tell me about them'.



The Body Politic is the first anthology of writings arising out of the Women's Liberation Movement in Britain, Edited by Michelene Wandor, who describes it as 'an introduction to the vast spectrum of issues and ideas which concern us' it is available in shops from November at 60p. The publisher, Richard Handyside, has also arranged for reduced rates offered to women in the Movement. Apply to the W.L. Workshop, 3/4 Shavers Place, London SW1 for details.

Classified

● Room needed for an all-woman band to practise in. Anywhere in the London region. Please contact Frankie at 839-3918

● Have A Clean Up! For general house cleaning or spring cleaning phone 01-402-6881/01-723-8842

● FEMINISM and SOCIALISM — an anthology which takes up issues confronting the feminist movement and the kind of strategy needed for female liberation. 80p paper £2.50 boards. Obtainable from all good bookshops and from Pathfinder Press, 47, The Cut, London S.E.1. Catalogues and other titles on Womens Liberation sent on request.

● HELP: preg. testing advice etc. 402 5233.

● Would the guy who placed classified advertisement box No: 41, October issue, please contact Spare Rib—there's some mail for you and we don't have your address.

● CONTACTS UNLIMITED. The dating service that always pays personal attention to selecting dates that really appreciate you and your scene. Free questionnaire 01-437 7121 (24 hrs), or 2 Gt. Marlborough St., W1.

● Interior, Exterior decorators. Reliable, clean, Phone 01-226-7124.

● Psychotherapist (Jungian) now has vacancies, Highgate area Tel: 01-348 5593.

● Friendly male student needs friendly accommodation within easy access of Walthamstow College. Phone 952-3588 evenings.

● Lonely? Bored? The Gateway to new friendships, penpals, eligible marriage partners—Gateway Bureau, 5 Gibbs Close, Coventry; inexpensive, comprehensive, international, guaranteed, SAE for details.

● Instant romance or friendship without embarrassment. Our efficient, inexpensive service is guaranteed for everyone:—Write (SAE) to Gateway Bureau, 5 Gibbs Close, Coventry.

● Interior Design—Alternative employment or part-time career? Our home study course on interior design leading to the Diploma will give you all the information necessary to pursue this fascinating, rewarding career. Prospectus from Dept. S.R. Rhodex International, Rhodex House, Yelverton, Devon. PL20 6DY or telephone our London number 01-242 2320 Accredited by the council for the Accreditation of Correspondence Colleges.

● Enjoy the benefits of ES-SALEN, SHIATSU, ZONE-THERAPY and DEEP TISSUE MASSAGE. 10 am—10 pm. 221 5779.

● Womens Liberation Workshop, 3 Shavers Place, SW1. (telephone 01-839 3918) ALL women welcome. Send SAE for information.

● SAPPHO MAGAZINE written by homosexual women for all women. Monthly 30p inc. post. BCM/PETREL, LONDON WC1V 6XX. Sappho meetings first Monday in every month. 7.30 pm. Upstairs room Museum Tavern, Museum Street, W.C.1

Classified advertising rates: 5p per word, box numbers 50p. Must be pre-paid and sent to Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS. Spare Rib reserves the right to refuse classified ads. Please make all cheques and postal orders payable to Spare Ribs Ltd.

Women and the EEC *Women's Report*

There are more than 22 million working women in the EEC. Despite Article 119 of the Treaty of Rome which calls for equal pay, the vast majority earn significantly less than men. Among skilled workers aged between 30 and 44, the pay differential ranges from 40% in Belgium to 32% in West Germany; among unskilled workers, it ranges

from 25% in Belgium to 7% in Italy. These and other important facts are to be found in a report on the employment of women in the EEC by Evelyn Sullerot, a Paris sociologist. An English summary is available free of charge from the EEC Information Office, 23 Chesham Street, London SW1 (01-235-4904).

Laura King helped Anna Coote collate and research the information about secretaries in 'Super job for super girl', issue No. 6. We are sorry Laura, for not giving you a credit.

Our blushing apologies to C.B.S. records for the error in our subscription offer of the Santana Album in the last issue. The LP is on the C.B.S. record label and not on R.C.A.

spare time

Edited by Rosie Parker

A fight for fivepence

A factory which appears to be taking a rise rather than giving one to their 70 women workers are finding it difficult to get them to call off their strike. The women of J. Barbour and Sons, South Shields will stay out until the management recognises them as official members of the Transport and General Workers' Union.

Joe Mills, group secretary of the union was surprised and dismayed that he was not informed of the meeting of a wages council which awards rises to non-union workers. It is understood this council offered an extra 5p. an hour.

If the offer is true it brings the women up to the princely sum of £12.60 for a 40 hour week. Mr. Mills declared it a national scandal and said the union was blacking all transport in and out of the factory and seeking help from other unions.

The myth of the ideal mother

'Our culture has created the mother figure, a myth enhanced by television advertisements and pictures of a lovely woman with a beautiful baby,' says Mr Raymond Castle, head of the NSPCC's therapeutic centre for parents in London's Ladbroke Grove (The Times 4.10.72). 'But the people we are dealing with have been pushed into that situation and cannot cope. Many of them expect their babies to provide them with the love and affection that they crave because of having been deprived in their own childhoods. When the baby does not respond and begins to cry and behave like normal babies do, the parent reacts against it. It's no good saying things like "You're its mother, you should have known better"'. The NSPCC calls for widespread specialised and skilled services for battered babies and their parents, in its recent publication 'A Study of Suspected Child Abuse'. At the end of this year the Society is opening a unit in Manchester to provide a 24-hour service for parents who cannot cope with their children. It hopes that similar units will be set up in all large cities.



BIRMINGHAM

For Children

Kids street Theatre

A theatre workshop is being planned in Birmingham, with the intention of mounting shows, improvisational and participatory events on adventure playgrounds and other places in the area. Kim, 31 Endwood Court Road, Handsworth Wood, Birmingham 20

Brum BIT

In response to popular demand, a help/information service is being set up on the lines of BIT and Release, and provisionally called Nutshell. Birmingham 643 0996

Puss in Boots

Pantomime at the Alexander Theatre from December 23rd

DURHAM

Sunday Times / NUS National Student Drama Festival

A festival or a six day endurance test in Durham City? The programme starts at 9.30pm with practical workshops and discussions on such topics as children's drama and electronic techniques and ends at 2am when late night shows finish. The festival will comprise not only selected student entries, but also non student companies of particular interest. Tickets and full details from The Sunday Times January 1st - January 6th

HAMPSHIRE

Decade 40

A survey of British Art during the forties which, at first glance, suggests that the artists complied with the blackout regulations and muted their colours accordingly. Closer examination reveals some bright lights including Mathew Smith's fine painting 'Sitting Nude: Ochre, Crimson and Turquoise'.

The pressures of the decade inevitably produced uncharacteristic works from many artists. The trend was away from abstraction - no place for art for art's sake during war time. Barbara Hepworth made drawings of surgeons creating strange, looming antiseptic figures, and Ben Nicholson diluted his abstract compositions with Cornish landscapes and still life objects.

Henry Moore's drawings of lines of anonymous bodies shel-

tering in the underground not only summerized the inhumanity of war, but were also the seeds of later developments in his sculptures.

City Art Gallery Southampton December 16th - January 13th
Carlisle Public Library January 20th - February 11th

D.L.I. Museum and Arts Centre Durham February 17th - April 8th

City Art Gallery Bradford April 14th - May 6th

Museum and Art Gallery Aberdeen May 12th - June 3rd

Southampton Art Gallery

Admission is free to lunchtime concerts on the second Wednesday of each month: Southampton Brass Chorale will be playing on January 10th.

Tower Music, Pezel
Morgen Music, Hindemith
Honiesuckle and Nightwatch, Holborne
Quintet for Brass, Arnold
Canzone, Gabrieli

LINCOLNSHIRE

Art Film Tour

From January 22nd to January 26th, the Lincolnshire Arts Association will be promoting the Arts Council's Art Film Tour, with showings at Boston, Barton upon Humber, Sleaford, Skegness and Grimsby. However, hiring the films is not restricted to public bodies. You too can hire a two hour film programme provided you have a room with blackout facilities and £10.50. Three mobile film library units tour the country with films intended for non profit showings, but admission can be charged as long as it does not exceed the expense of the programme.

Their catalogues contain about forty films divided into three sections: documentaries, artists' films and a new experimental section with computer animation and videographic films.

The documentary section caters to a wide audience; it includes films on the National Gallery, Psychotic Art, as well as films on individual artists ranging from Louise Nevelson, to Claus Oldenburg and the potter Bernard Leach. 'The Great Ice-Cream Robbery' directed by James Scott

is a fast moving duel screen documentary on Oldenburgh during his stay in London at the time of his retrospective exhibition in 1970, interwoven with the problems of selling ice cream outside the Tate Gallery.

The section on artists' films lacks work by women. However, it does contain 'Atmosfields' by Graham Stevens. A film on inflatables which is guaranteed to reawaken childhood longings to float and fly.

For catalogues and application forms, write to Rodney Wilson The Arts Council, 105 Piccadilly, London W1

For Children

The Owl and The Pussy Cat

a pantomime presented by the Phoenix Company at the Blackfriars Theatre Boston.

OXFORD

For Children

Sinbad The Sailor

A pantomime at the New Theatre from December 22nd

Drama Groups

The City of Oxford Youth Drama Committee have published a booklet giving information on drama groups in the city. Copies are available from Mrs. M. Aitken 64 Kennington Road, Oxford

LONDON

An Exhibition of Sweets

A Fanfare for Europe exhibition celebrating Britain's entry into the Common Market with a display of sweets from all over Europe - liquorice to marzipan to rock. The Whitechapel Gallery regrets (and dentists rejoice) that there will be no final eat-in as the sweets will be varnished.

Free lollipops January 3rd - January 28th

100 miles radius of London

If you live in this region you can take advantage of the series of concerts and teach-ins for children and people interested in learning about music, entitled 'Journeys Through Music', to be held at the Albert Hall and the Festival Hall. The series is devised by Anthony Hopkins who will also conduct and narrate. Bargain



spare time

tickets, inclusive of rail travel and admission can be obtained from British Rail regional offices.

Beatrix Potter

A Christmas exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum which includes original illustrations for Mr Jeremy Fisher, Peter Rabbit and others, as well as letters to children, childhood paintings and the eighteenth century coats and waistcoats which Beatrix Potter copied for the Tailor of Gloucester

YORKSHIRE

For Children

The Wizard of Oz

Freely adapted by Sam Hughes from the novel by Frank L. Baum Leeds Playhouse from December 20th

Coum

Described by John Peel as 'The vortex of free showbiz in the Northeast' Coum presents the 'Ministry of Anti Social Insecurity'. Ferens Art Gallery Hull January 6th.

Shirley Cameron

of 'Landscapes and Living Spaces' is starting a piece of work on the 29th of January which is her twenty-ninth birthday. The work will continue for a year, culminating in an exhibition which will run for the week before her thirtieth birthday. The exhibition, planned to take place in Yorkshire, will be of her self; it will include photographs, tapes and boxes. She is calling the exhibition 'Units' (of time and space measured to contain life/experience)

WALES

For Children

Panache

A most unusual musical puppet play about a clown who goes in search of a star and finally tracks it down to the Palace of The Ice King. As part of the Fanfare For Europe celebrations there will be some productions in French. It is suitable for children from the age of five years to eleven years.

The Caricature Theatre, Cardiff

SOMERSET

For Children

John Willy and The Bee People

John Willy's spaceship lands in the insect world and he sets about saving the Bee people from enemies such as Ornit the Horrible. The Northcott Theatre's Young People's Department from December 20th

Children's Crayoning Competition

An exhibition selected from pictures entered for the annual Finart Crayoning Competition. Royal Albert Museum Exeter December 6th - January 6th

December 28th - January 5th

London Symphony Orchestra

Conductor David Atherton, Soloist Osian Ellis/harp
Overture: Beatrice and Benedict, Berlioz
Harp Concerto, William Mathias
Capriccio Espagnole, Rimsky Korsakov
Symphony No 2 in C Minor, Tchaikovsky
Aberystwyth January 18th

WORCESTERSHIRE

For Children

Cinderella

Cinderella is top of the Panto Pops, and playing at innumerable theatres throughout the country. The Malvern Festival Theatre is mounting an epic Cinderella: Spectacular family pantomime - twelve magnificent scenes, Fabulous costumes, Transformation Scene, Illuminated Coach drawn by live Shetland Ponies. But isn't it slightly sinister, this glorification of the myth that goodness equals prettiness and badness equals ugliness? A must for all shoe fetishists, Cinderella can be found at: Victoria Theatre, Stoke on Trent
Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham (with Kenneth Connor)
Hippodrome, Birmingham
Theatre Royal, Lincoln
Palace Theatre, Watford

We are relying on readers help in compiling this list. If you know of anything (film, theatre, exhibitions, music etc.) anywhere that people should know about please write in and provide us with details. Even if you have nothing specific to tell us we would welcome ideas on the kind of events you want to hear about. As we have to go to press early we need to receive information at least six weeks prior to publication.

Not everyone lives in London, but you wouldn't think it to look at cinema programmes outside the capital. Of the three hundred or more titles on offer each week in London, how many ever get a screening in the regions?

Of the few that do get seen - and even those rarely make a prompt appearance after the London opening, thus forfeiting the benefits of national publicity - fewer still fall into the category of the 'quality' or 'art' film.

In the trade there is at most one distributor with ideals. The majority are businessmen, more or less cinematically illiterate. No other art form links the wholly artistic with the wholly commercial in quite the same way - an uneasy alliance which is made plain at the annual first night of the London Film Festival when an invited trade audience fidgets

its way through the opening film to the free bar at the end.

Small wonder that distributors don't put their faith in uncharted territories. Long-term policies of building up an audience for difficult films are discarded in favour of the quick buck. With the increasing number of good films shown on television, the prospects for non-commercial cinema programmes are getting worse rather than better.

It is, however, becoming possible to identify a national art-house circuit, partly through the emergence of the Regional Film Theatres. Now nearly 50 in number, they are set up by local authorities in association with the British Film Institute, which gives equipment and matching money. In the six years of their existence, they have established themselves sufficiently to be considered by some major companies as an alternative outlet.

All are open to the public, three function as full-time cinemas, the rest are housed in civic halls, arts centres, playhouses, cinemas, university campuses, college theatres and schools, showing films for anything from one week a month to one day a week. Their brief is to show the best of world cinema and to encourage the art of the film. Often they are the only existing provision for film in the locality.

With the emphasis on local initiative (administration is sometimes on a voluntary basis) programmes are discussed at regular Selection Committee meetings attended by a BFI Programme Officer. Film Theatres are encouraged to develop their own character, and take into account the social and cultural climate of the area. The BFI doesn't impose any films, apart from the three or four taken annually on a circuit basis (this year: The BUTCHER

and THE CONFORMIST).

It may sound ideal, but compromise is an integral part of the process. Box-office returns are essential to the Film Theatres' survival - the annual subsidy can be lost in one bad week - and what does an empty house prove anyway? Booking films is not the simple matter it seems, as most companies have fairly rigid, sometimes illogical policies which govern the number of days for which a new film may be rented out.

The most adventurous programming relies of necessity on either a student population (although student tastes are becoming increasingly conservative) or on sophisticated urban areas like Bristol, Brighton or Manchester. Community as well as cultural interests are also catered for, with programmes for children, Old Age Pensioners and the family of higher calibre than those provided by commercial exhibitors.

In most situations, however, wooing the audience is a long and difficult task, largely through careful programme planning. Each Film Theatre produces a brochure, with separate programme notes often available for each film. In addition they put on guest lectures, discussions and other events to promote the films. Programme information appears from time to time in the N.U.T. publication *The Teacher in Films and Filming* and is available from the Film Theatres themselves. For further details contact Helen Fayers, Publicity, Regional Group, BFI, 81 Dean Street, London W.1.

Listed below are some of the holiday programmes you may want to see yourself or recommend to children you know. (This is a small selection and not necessarily a guide to other programmes):

BRIGHTON North Street 0273 29563

Dec 18-23 TRAFFIC (U)

Dec 26-30

(mats) THE THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER (U)

JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS (U)

(eves) GUMSHOE (AA)

THE HARDER THEY FALL (AA)

Jan 1-6 TAKING OFF (X)

Jan 8-13 THE LANDLORD (X)

200 MOTELS (X)

Also: late-night Godard, Antonioni, BLEAK MOMENTS, A DAY IN THE DEATH OF JOE EGG.

BRISTOL Arts Centre (Membership Only) 0272 45008

Dec 18-19 LONESOME COWBOYS

Dec 20-22 TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME JUNIE MOON

Dec 28-31 FIGURES IN A LANDSCAPE

from Jan 1 TEN DAYS WONDER

DONCASTER Arts Centre 0302 62349

Dec 18-23 DISNEY films (U)

EDINBURGH Film Guild 031 225 1837

Until Dec 23 RUSTY KEATON FESTIVAL (U)

TYNESIDE Pilgrim Street, Newcastle 0632 21506/7

CINEMA ONE:

Dec 23-30 (mats) HOPPITY GOES TO TOWN) (U)
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS)

CINEMA TWO:

Until Jan 3 (mems) SWASHBUCKLING SEASON

Also: Cuban films, late-night Bogart season.

lips; labia minora, or inner lips; and the highly eroticized clitoris, the only organ known to man or women whose sole purpose is to receive and transmit sexual pleasure. The hood of the clitoris is attached to the labia minora, which are directly affected by penile thrusting. Thus, intercourse causes the labia to exert traction on the clitoral hood, producing rhythmic friction between it and the clitoris itself.

Masters and Johnson have proved—or believe they have proved; their work has not yet been replicated—that virtually all feminine orgasms, however vaginal some of them may seem, do include indirect clitoral stimulation, the labia minora being the agent of

orgasm usually involves three to five contractions; an intense one, as many as fifteen.

From time to time a woman may experience what some Samoan Islanders call the 'knockout' orgasm, and what Masters and Johnson term the 'status orgasmus.' Masters and Johnson suspect, but are not certain, that the woman is probably having rapidly connected multiple orgasms, over a time period of sixty seconds or so.

In prolonged intercourse a woman may have three, four, or five separate orgasms, and in a few primitive cultures, where men have good control of themselves, multiple female orgasms are

'From time to time a woman may experience what some Samoan Islanders call the "knock-out" orgasm.'

mediation. Some Freudian analysts have long maintained that vaginal orgasms are entirely distinct from clitoral orgasms and are, indeed, the hallmark of a sexually mature woman. If clitoral stimulation, whether direct or transmitted through the labia, occurs in all orgasms, then distinguishing them is invalid. So is the complicated mystique attached to the distinction. Vaginal women have been said to be mature, feminine, loving and happy, while clitoral women have had all the opposite traits attributed to them.

However, if I read Masters and Johnson correctly, they are saying that clitoral stimulation may occur in orgasm, but orgasm does not chiefly occur in the clitoris.

To the contrary, orgasm, which is a total body response, is always marked by vaginal contractions. No specific physiologic response in the clitoris has yet been recorded.

Let us review the physiology of the female sex cycle.

Stage One:

Excitement. Within ten to thirty seconds after erotic stimulation starts, the vaginal lining is moistened with a lubricating fluid. Nipples erect, and the breasts begin to swell, increasing in size by one-fifth to one-quarter in women who have not nursed a baby. (Breasts that have been suckled do not enlarge so much.) Other changes start to occur in the clitoris, labia, and vagina as vasocongestion (the engorgement of vessels and organs with blood) and muscular tension start to build. Late in the excitement phase, some women may start to develop a measleslike rash, or sex flush, across their bodies. (Seventy-five percent of the women evaluated by Masters and Johnson showed this response on some occasions.)

Stage Two:

Plateau. The tissue surrounding the outer third of the vagina engorges and swells, creating an 'orgasmic platform.' The deeper portion of the vagina balloons out to form a cavity. The uterus enlarges. The swelling of the outer third of the vagina reduces its diameter, allowing it to grip the penis better. The clitoris retracts, and it becomes harder to locate.

Just prior to the orgasmic phase, the labia minora undergo a marked color change called the sex skin reaction. In the women who has not had children, the labia minora turn pink or bright red. In the mother, they turn bright red or deep wine (presumably because she has a greater number of varicosities). This coloration remains throughout orgasm, but disappears ten to fifteen seconds afterward. When a woman develops sex skin, she is almost certain to go on to orgasm. Women who are aroused to plateau levels but not brought to orgasm experience a prolonged

apparently the norm. Some masturbating women can have up to fifty successive orgasms according to clinical observation.

Multiple orgasms are most apt to occur when intercourse is prolonged. Thus, while the much vaunted 'mutual orgasm' has some very nice features, it also has some drawbacks from the woman's point of view. Or to put it another way, there is no need for a woman to hold back deliberately, for if the male can maintain effective thrusting for a long enough period, the woman will have several preliminary orgasms and, quite possibly, another when he reaches his.

Women who don't have multiple orgasms may fear that they are missing something, but women who do have them often report that these are not their most pleasurable experiences. 'If I've had a great orgasm, I can't bear to go on,' one such woman explained. This mysterious thing called orgasmic intensity is measured, principally, in the number of contractions. Masters and Johnson maintain that females have the most intense orgasms when they are free to please themselves only—'without the distraction of a partner.' But they do qualify it. 'A woman might tell me that she had a delightful experience with the machine,' Dr. Masters commented at the New York Academy of Medicine in 1968, 'but the next night with her husband might have been even better, in her opinion, although we registered fewer orgasmic contractions.'

Stage Four:

Resolution. Blood vessels emptied and muscular tensions relieved, the various parts and organs return to their normal condition, some rapidly and some slowly. One woman in three develops a film of perspiration across her body.

According to Masters and Johnson, the clitoris contributes crucially to the build-up of sexual tensions, but orgasm itself is more correctly described as centering in the vagina. Tensions established, it is vaginal contractions that bring relief by emptying engorged organs and vessels. Masters and Johnson call these vaginal contractions 'the visible manifestations of female orgasmic experience.'

Yet, even for those lucky women who can fantasy to orgasm, the clitoris serves as receptor and transformer of sexual stimuli, while vaginal contractions punctuate the orgasm itself.

However, it is important to note that some women who do not possess a clitoris seem to be capable of orgasm. Dr. Michael Daly, a Philadelphia gynecologist, reports that he has studied in depth two patients in whom the total clitoris was removed because of cancer. Both continued to have orgasms, and both said that their sexual responsiveness after surgery was as great as it was before. There also are established cases of women in whom an artificial

'But does the vagina contribute to sexual arousal? Or does it have no feeling?'

and sometimes uncomfortable ebbing away of vasocongestion and muscular tension.

Stage Three:

Orgasm. The typical orgasm lasts only ten to fifteen seconds, if that long. Changes occur throughout the body. Muscles of the abdomen, buttocks, neck, arms, and legs may contract; pulse and breathing are more rapid; and blood pressure climbs. The women experiences a series of rhythmic muscular contractions in the outer third of the vagina and the tissues surrounding it and in the uterus. These contractions, each taking about four-fifths of a second, serve to discharge the accumulated vasocongestion and tension that have been brought on by sexual stimulation. A mild

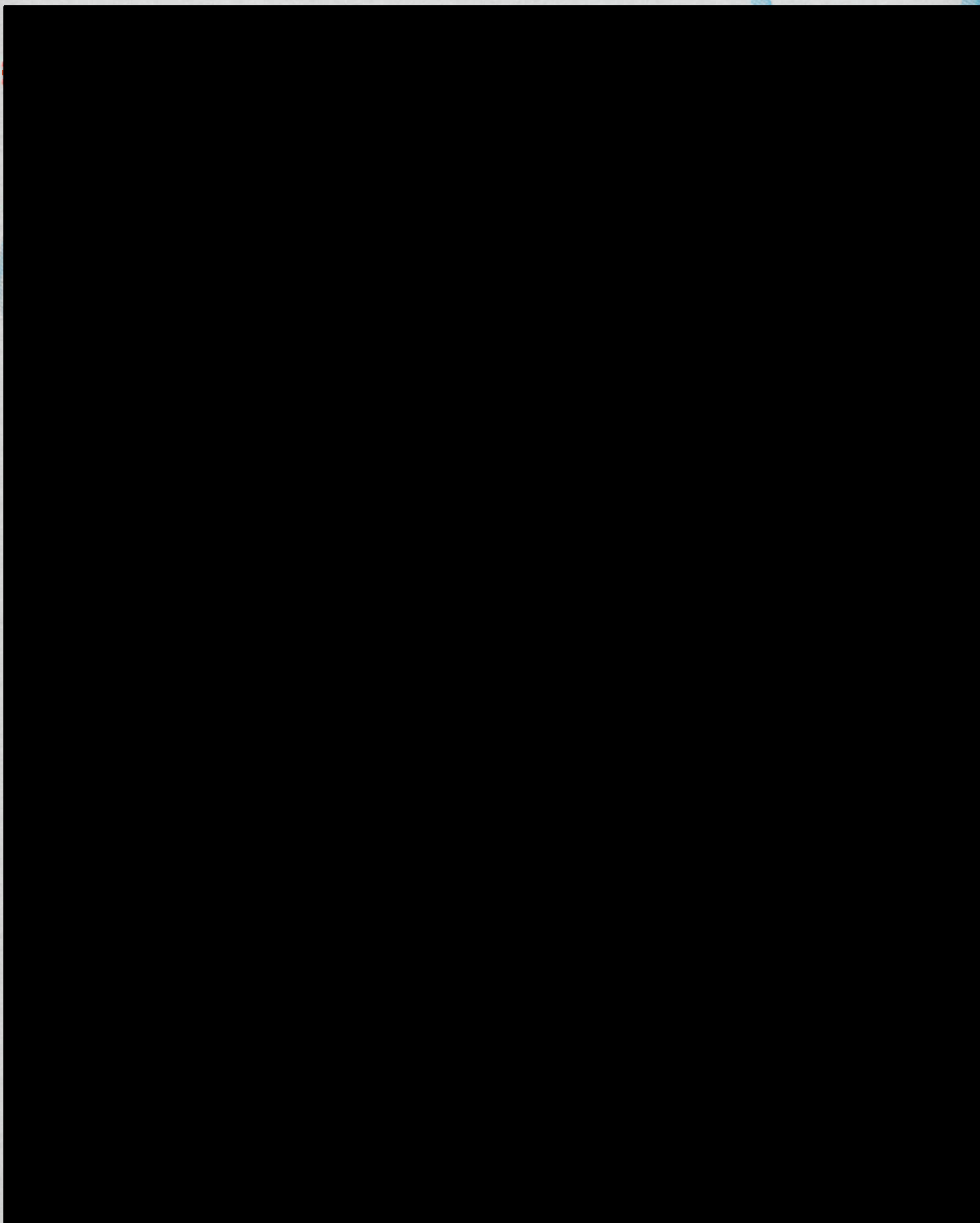
vagina had to be created, because they were born without one. These women also are capable of reaching orgasm.

It is clearly false to say 'vaginal orgasm is a myth.' But does the vagina contribute to sexual arousal? Or (as some sex researchers, most notably Kinsey, and some women have thought) does it have no feeling?

Yes, it does. Vaginal sensations are believed to be proprioceptive, which means that they are sensations resulting from a stimulus within our own bodies, not imposed from outside.

Close your eyes; extend an arm and bend it. If you can describe the position of your arm, if you know whether it is bent or

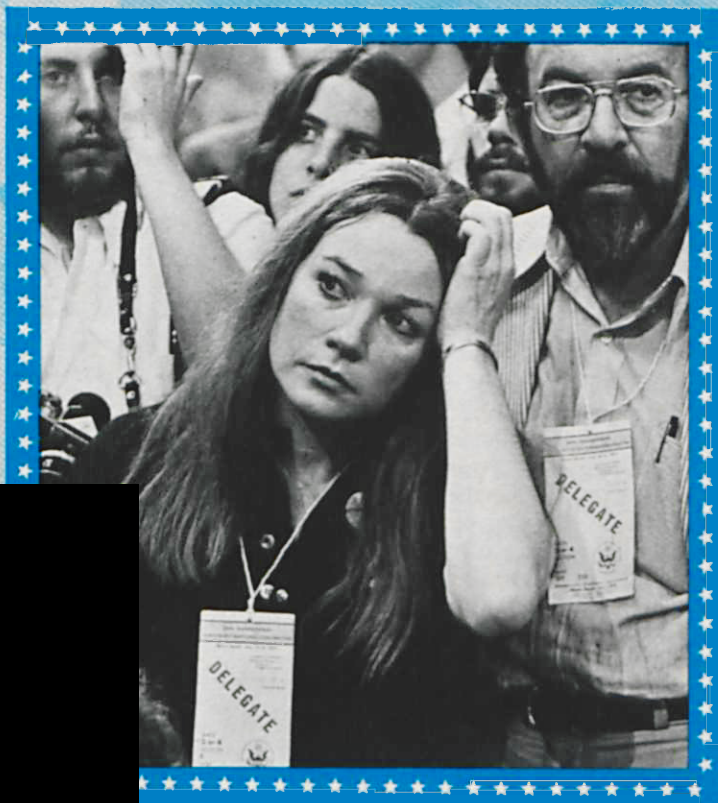
continued on page 29



Photographs by Richard Doust, Paul Conklin and James Pickerell, Camera Press London.



Gloria Steinem



Shirley Maclaine



I THINK..

Carol Dix is a features writer on the Guardian and a regular contributor to Spare Rib.

Birthpangs by Carol Dix

Zero-Population Growth was the name of an American Women's Lib/population explosion magazine I remember reading a year or so ago. In it, there was a long review/cum article on a revolutionary book on the idea of *not* having children. The writer was urging you to buy the book (of course) and to give it to friends for Christmas with the idea of putting out a little propaganda and support on the joys of non-parenthood. What has interested me recently, though, is the number of women I know or meet, who quite sincerely do not want to have children. Is it simply I know a certain type of woman or is it early signs of a genuine movement? So much of the discussion on women is centred round what to do after we've had children, maybe we are secretly nursing a desire *not* to — disguising the fact in the 'one day', when we can organise our lives.

Funnily enough we still have to give reasons for *not* wanting children (don't bother to fill in the form if you do). It's like the old confrontation scene in the doctor's surgery when the result is positive. If you're having the baby, fine — all smiles and orange juice. If not — well, what are the reasons medical or social? Neither? I'm afraid that's impossible. You *must* have had a nervous breakdown sometime.

If you ask people (and I'm talking about women only, it's their bodies after all) why, the most obvious answer might be population — who wants to add to that muddle. But it's obviously a lot more than that. A lot of the women I am referring to are married, or living with somebody, so we can't smile and say she'll get over it when she meets the right person. Most instead, a) suspect people's motives for having children and b) feel quite satisfied and fulfilled enough already. For some, it's because they lead interesting lives, and I don't mean in the careerist sense. One girl I am thinking of makes jewellery and has enough to do with the buying, selling and making concerned. But another again, can hardly be said to have found fulfilment job-wise, having just thrown in a potential tv career, to follow her mind instead. For her, it's more a matter of honesty, that her life is complicated enough, and sensitive, how could she cope with the responsibility of another.

And with those women in mind, maybe we can challenge for good and all, the horny old myth that *not* having children is selfish. It is selfish. But what does that mean? Not that they're cash-happy, credit card hopping from one materialist goody to the next, rather the opposite. It's more that, we don't need to worry about money (ie. responsibility) while there's only my/our self to think about. Having children is the ultimate responsibility. Selfishness — writ another way, could read self-centredness, or an awareness of self, or, a new 'self' consciousness. A recognition of the ego — of either a valid/interesting or futile/useless existence — may lead to a deliberate opting out of helping to further the race. The race will further itself plenty anyway.

That said and done, why bother even thinking about it. Women complain about their rôle as housewife and mother — so it could be said, that those who don't want to, don't have to. Why isn't it as easy as that though? Is it purely social conditioning, that leaves somewhere those nagging doubts and tinglings of guilt, that maybe we should be *wanting* to have children. Maybe it's the build-up of advertising and media propaganda that if female you want nothing more, never mind less. The post-war and materialist baby boom must have much to answer to propaganda. That aside, what does having children mean to the average woman? It can mean someone to love when all other relationships break down. It can mean someone to exercise power over for a totally subordinated women. It can mean a foot in the door of posterity, someone to look after you when you're old, or someone simply to cook and care for if you can't think of anything else useful to do. Fundamentally as well, it must mean — in terms of what you

might miss if you never had a child — one of the sensual-physical pleasures (or experiences) offered to us on birth and gender-decision. All wrapped up in the all-in package we are born with. Held there, waiting to be experienced like the first screw, the first drink or the first smoke. Many myths may surround motherhood (ugh), but I can't help believe it — propaganda or not — that there must be enormous physical pleasure in childbirth, in the whole painful, gut-tearing business. It's very earthy.

So the blood and guts are earthy and can appeal emotionally, and even intellectually (and aesthetically). It's at the rest that women can't help but stall. You only have to mention nappies, and baby smells, all the Mothercare paraphernalia, feeds every 3/4 hours etc. to some women and they are overcome with nausea. And not the pregnancy kind either.

More than that, too, all emotion to the side — the idea of that human responsibility, that trap, that clockwork-like stabiliser to one's life — is enough to make anyone remember her pills.

What is it? Is it the affects of the contraceptive age? Maybe it's more the effects of emancipation. We're given the choice now. And as one friend who followed one path said to me, it's an experiment you might want to make — but once made there's no turning back, and saying you don't like it. The statisticians say, that the cities aren't even reproducing themselves nowadays. That only 22% of our country's population are parents. And there are hints and rumours that the population is beginning to decline without government intervention (nice idea). Was it obvious, written in the contract drawn up in the Garden of Eden, that if woman was ever unchained, and free to think out her own fate, she would choose to remain free of her child-bearing function?

Or is it the rat theory being proved, witnessed in today's super-cities. They say the population curve rises proportionately as you leave a city. Either we read into that — that the rat theory is true, cram them all in together, and they will lose the desire to reproduce; or that life is more pressurised in the cities and that our country cousins have more time to sit and procreate; or that they haven't heard of contraception in the country; or that there is a higher concentration of emancipated women saying they don't want children in the cities. Personally, I suspect the city/suburb population curve figures, considering the amount of office space, the acres of empty land now in many of our cities, and the abundance of large families in the central city slums, who have neither knowledge nor money to limit their families in the suburban sense.

It would be interesting, though, to know whether these feelings are manifest signs of a new positive movement; symptoms of a bad attack of mal-du-siècle for the children of the H-bomb and the ecological disaster era; or simply the outward groanings of self-consciousness, in a minor segment of society. ★

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continued from page 25

straight, you are receiving and using proprioceptive information. Ordinarily, we do not pay much conscious attention to our proprioceptive intelligence, but without it we would not even be able to walk.

The vagina is most apt to develop proprioceptive abilities during states of sexual arousal and distention. In unaroused states, as, for example, when a gynecologist inserts a speculum, it may be quite unresponsive.

Obviously, there is a crucial distinction between motor experience (what's happening) and sensory experience (what we're aware of). Masters and Johnson do not always draw this distinction as sharply as many psychologists (and women) might wish.

Some orgasms seem to be experienced vaginally or deep in the vagina, while others seem to be in the clitoris. Some orgasms occur while direct clitoral stimulation is taking place, while others occur only with vaginal stimulation. The experts who have been discussing us have never even defined the terms 'vaginal' and 'clitoral' orgasm, and women could hardly be sure whether a clitoral orgasm meant an orgasm that was induced by clitoral stimulation, an orgasm that seemed to be experienced in the clitoris, or both.

Certain marriage counsellors have long maintained that a loving wife is content merely to satisfy her husband, for instance, and that it need be of no consequence if she fails to achieve satisfaction. We have Masters and Johnson to thank for convincing them that sexual frustration can even give a woman cramps and headache. But how sad it is that we had to wait for sex researchers to demonstrate it. Didn't we know it all the time? If there is going to be a breakthrough in human sexuality—and I think that such a breakthrough may be in the wind—it is going to occur because women will start taking charge of their own sex lives. It is going to occur because women will stop believing that sex is for men and that men (their fathers, their doctors, their lovers and husbands, their popes and kings and scientists) are the authorities. We need only study a little anthropology or history to understand that sexuality is incredibly plastic and easily repressed.

Women must discover and express their own sexuality, without shame or inhibition. And instead of following sex manuals or trusting the locker-room sexpertise of their fellows, men must learn to seek and receive signals from the women they love. ★

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Andrew Fisher: Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage by Charles Wintour Deutsch £3.50

Charles Wintour is a liberal bird in a gilded cage. He's the editor of the Evening Standard, a paper that's been readier than most to rush into press with showy attacks on the more obvious and newsworthy bits of repression around. His book about the pressures that are brought to bear on the editor of a Fleet Street paper, pressures of time, from the proprietors, the advertisers, the government and the law. The cage that surrounds an editor as he sits in his apparently powerful and certainly well paid editorial chair.

Essentially Wintour loves that cage and it's reflected in his book. He has many criticisms – 'the idea of complete editorial freedom is a myth', the anomalies in the laws of privilege, contempt of court etc but he still manages to come up with a fairly complacent view of Fleet Street. For example 'it is my view that in general advertising influence is negligible and even where it is not, that it is harmless.' Trouble is every journalist has a story or two to tell of how his story was spiked or that story edited because of possible effect on advertising. Like the reporter who wrote to the Times on 16th November and told of how he couldn't run stories on the dangers of toothbrushes or patent medicines because of the effect on advertisers of those products.

Probably the book is at its worst when it goes into a paranoid denunciation of pressures for Workers control over editorial appointments and decisions. His arguments are stupefyingly simple minded and based on the premise that workers are not very bright and are being manipulated by the Trots. What he misses is that Workers Control movements are part of a much greater attempt to breakdown the hierarchies in society, to rid communications of its appalling Reith-type paternalism and to achieve some sort of equality between workers, whether between editor, journalist and printer or man and woman.

Finally a large chunk of the book is used to explain the laws that affect the printing of

newspapers. His views on them is that they are cumbersome, or antiquated or unedifying or unnecessarily restricting. But not dangerous. Again he misses something. There's no such thing as a right to freedom of speech in Britain. We have no Bill of Rights which, as in the US, enacts that laws won't be passed that might abridge the freedom of speech or the freedom of the press. Our constitution is a vague collection of rules and principles any of which can be changed by parliament (and some by the courts). Freedom of Speech is what's left to say if you don't infringe the laws of contempt of court, Obscene Publications, libel, slander, conspiracy, parliamentary privilege, official secrets etc etc. You can't claim a right to speak freely. You have to wait round to see who's going to sue you. Actions under all those laws are initiated by one of (a) the police (b) The government (c) private individuals (almost invariably wealthy capitalists). And enough law actions, whoever wins them, can cripple a newspaper or a magazine because of legal costs and the energy expenditure involved. The result of all that is that editors, to survive, tend to go along with the prevailing political wind and only allow themselves the luxury of a daring story once in a while. The hidden menace of the possible prosecutors manages to keep the press in favour of the establishment status quo. Like Wintour's book. The interesting thing though is that those possible prosecutors are hyper-influenced by the press. The government depends on the press for an assessment of the mood of the people, the police live in fear of Fleet Street and private individuals use the general spread of the press as a yardstick to see if anyone has gone too far in their attacks.

So that Wintour misses in that the extent of our freedom of speech almost entirely on the social and political commitment of editors like him (and the crazed Cecil King) and not on the Pressures that he enumerated. If enough editors wanted it to happen the gilded cage might expand enough to push the cat out of the room.

Andrew Fisher, journalist, lawyer, one of the OZ and INK originators.



Rosie Parker:

Lets make a film festival

Except for in the immediate vicinity of the local bars, the festival aspect of film festivals is conspicuously absent. But the festival of films made by children held at the N.F.T. lived up to the name. Cheering, clapping crocodiles of children from the participating schools filled the theatre. The organizers, The London Co-operative Society Education Department, announced that there had been a record number of entries for this the fourth bi-annual festival. Although the Co-op stressed that this was a festival not a competition, fourteen films were selected for screening by judges from the National Association for Film in Education.

I felt sceptical, expecting to see either over sophisticated confections by upper middle class overachievers or studied classroom projects with the teachers hand constantly in evidence. I was completely wrong. The films were unpretentious, witty and original with a staggering grasp of technique. All types of schools were represented from throughout the London Co-op trading area. To what extent the teachers had helped in making the films seemed irrelevant because the films clearly represented the childrens own interests and aims. Nevertheless, David Fairbank from the Co-op assured me that each head teacher had signed a declaration that the film, including the camera work, had been made solely by the children.

In contrast to previous festivals when only one theme was offered to the children, this year they were provided with a variety of titles. The children skilfully avoided the sacherine connotations of the titles; 'Looking at Grown Ups,' 'Holiday Adventure', 'Aspirations', 'Lend a Helping Hand' and 'Life in Our Community'. Several schools presented their 'Aspirations' as wishfulfilling daydreams. Not surprisingly, almost everyone wanted to be either a pop singer or a football star. The nine year olds at Hillingdon Junior School made clever parallels between dream and reality; a tough little girl dressed all in black dreams of becoming a power hungry witch, and a playground bully dreams of being a Greek soldier who leads a successful attack on the football team. The fourteen year olds from The Latymer School used the brilliant device of filming the reality of an infinitely boring Maths lesson in black and white and the students fantasies in colour. At

the end even the teacher succumbs to a dream of a beach and a luscious blonde who feeds him cherries. But fantasy and reality merge and he finds himself surrounded by smirking pupils.

The 'Aspirations' of Hampstead School were toward Women's Liberation. They traced the movement from the creation of Eve, through the suffragettes, to the present, and finally to a future when men will be kept in cages - then back to Adam and Eve, only this time Eve is created first.

Films based on 'Life in Our Community' displayed a considerable concern with pollution, demolition and a strong visual awareness of the environment. Chalvedon School presented a gloomy view of a future polluted world, Little Ilford Secondary Modern School dissected a demolition site with long, grey camera shots, and Barnsbury Girls Secondary School showed a gentle, sympathetic study of London's tramps.

I found the film by nine year olds at Oxford Gardens Junior School by far the most moving. The children panned the camera quickly over the Notting Hill Ladbroke Grove area, from the Grand Union Canal to the arches below the Westway. To the consternation of some of the judges, the soundtrack didn't provide a commentary for the pictures that we saw. More subtly and more effectively, it was an informal discussion by the children about life in their district, 'I dont play because I've nowhere to play, I just read books.' (not a complaint, just a statement of fact) It was a vivid and distressing insight into a child's life bounded in all sides by signs reading 'No ball playing' and 'No cycling'.

The next festival will be in 1974. The Co-op will provide an initial grant for film stock, and the ILEA sell equipment at a nominal rate if the head teacher can be persuaded to allocate the budget in that direction. Hopefully the festival can one day be a national event.

Eric the Half a bee

Monty Python with

Niel Innes B&C Records

A taste of what to expect from the Monty Python album 'Monty Python's Previous Record' out on December 1st., We've been listening to it regularly in the office and it certainly cheers you up on cold mornings when we all sing along with the rest of the Monty Python lot!

Maggie Bell. Stone the

Crows.

Good Time Girl/On the

Highway. Polydor

Both sides of this single are from Stone the Crows new album 'Otinuous Performance'. On the Highway, the B side, which incidentally, we all prefer, was recorded before Les Harvey, the guitarist, died. We spoke to Maggie Bell just before she went off on tour of Brussels at the end of November and she said she was very happy with the record and with the way Jimmy McCulloch, their new guitarist, was settling down with the rest of the group.

Court in the Act -

Lindisfarne B&C Records

B side Don't Ask Me

Court in the Act is obviously the most commercial track on the new Lindisfarne album 'Dinglidell'. For all Lindisfarne fans this is a real must. It's out on November 17th and costs 50p

Harriet Hepburn (8 yrs):

Voyage of the Floating

Bedstead by John Chalon

Heinemann £140

I think the book is quite good on the whole, but it could be explained more. For instance when it says about the botanists it could be explained what a botanist is for younger children who might read it or have it read to them.

Naseem Khan

A piece of truth

by Amalia Fleming

Cape £2.95

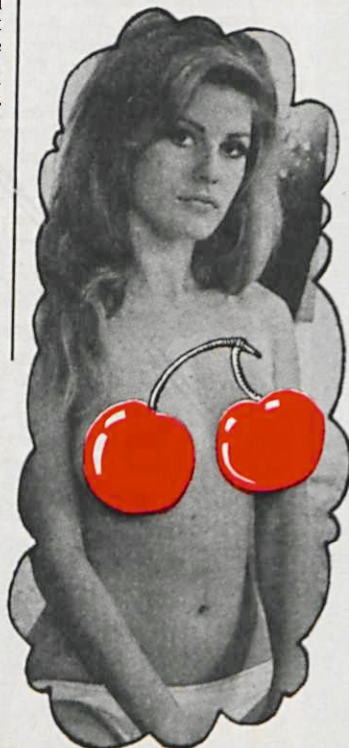
The night of April 20th 1967 seemed a quiet one in Athens. Certainly the weeks before it had been unsettled. Elections were planned for the end of the following month and, to the alarm of the royalists and the right, all the signs were that the Centre Union with its grand old leader George Papandreou would sweep back to power. Would the elections in fact be held, feared the left?

All, it seemed, would be well. That very day Papaliagouras, the caretaker prime minister, had been assured by the army there would be no hindrance. The radical leader, Andreas Papandreou, who for days had cautiously not slept in his own bed, relaxed his guard for the first time and went home. Amalia Fleming, widow of Sir Alexander Fleming, sat unconcernedly in Kolonaki Square eating icecream with a friend till 1.30 in the morning. When she woke up the next morning, the army coup had taken place.

Lady Fleming's account of the coup and subsequent events has just been published. It is a useful view of events in Greece over the past five years since, for a start, Lady Fleming had no doctrinaire axe to grind. In England after her husband's death she had voted Conservative - in respect, she says, for her husband's memory. In

the book
is quite
good on
the hole

Illustrations by
John Storey

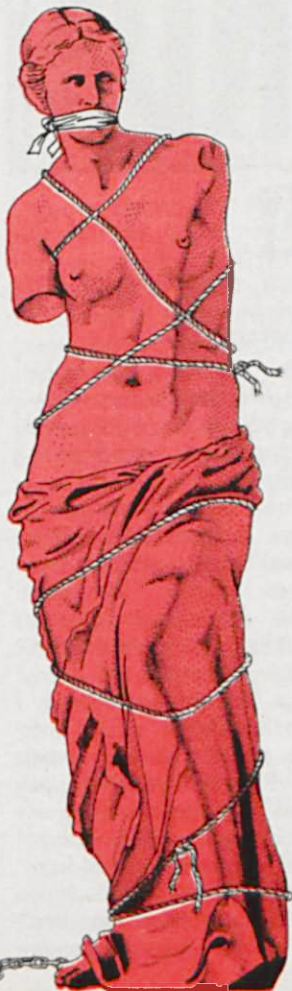


Greece she had supported the Centre Union at the polls, though by the time of the coup she had shifted leftwards, believing that Andreas Papan-dreou's programme could bring economic progress and liberal democracy. 'I was never interested in party politics or the intricate details of party machinery,' she says roundly. 'But I have a strong feeling about such things as human dignity, and rights, and freedom of speech and thought.'

The photograph on the cover of the book shows her marching into her trial between her guards, like an independent minded elderly bulldog. And in the book herself she comes over as emotional, kindly and transparently honest. She had lived in England more or less continuously from 1946 on, but after her own widowhood had been increasingly drawn back to Greece. She moved back finally in 1967, all set for a placid retirement among her friends, her plants and her many beloved cats. And then came the coup. From the very first days she had no illusions about the nature of the regime. She was a doctor and relatives of the detainees ('thousands and thousands') came to her in growing despair; her network of information was perhaps better than most. Free democracy, she had no doubt, was 'crushed and gone', replaced by a regime that divided the population in its own mind into supporters and enemies. For its so-called enemies humanity and justice were too good. One of the alarming parts of the book is not the detailing of torture but Lady Fleming's account of her visits to the head of the Greek Red Cross. She had gone there to press the case of the children of the detainees for whom the international movement had sent food which never got through. 'Each time I described to him the misery of a case, I had to listen to a long, political, heartless speech against the communists - everyone who had been arrested was labelled a communist. Why was I interested in the families of such criminals? However much I pleaded and begged, whatever promises I managed to obtain, nothing, but absolutely nothing, was done.' While families suffered - finding, more often than not, people mysteriously unwilling to employ them - the detainees themselves met a worse fate. Torture was an accepted means of extracting information, and the reports included in Lady Fleming's book make harrowing reading. Her own turn was to come in August 1971, through a young man called Alexander Panagoulis. Panagoulis had apparently tried to assassinate Papadopoulos. His arrest in 1968 marked the start of a long period of torture that varied from the brutal to the sadistically refined. Amazingly, he never broke down, continuing to smuggle news of his treatment out and continually trying to escape. 'I consider,' says

Lady Fleming, 'that Panagoulis is the greatest hero of this unfortunate period of our life. Appalled by his suffering she herself was slowly drawn into assisting his plans for escape. The first fell through. The second was betrayed by the guard involved; when Panagoulis's friends arrived at the pick-up place they were immediately arrested. Lady Fleming's own part had been relatively marginal: she had given advice and she had lent her car. On the other hand, the military authorities had apparently extracted over two hundred 'confessions' prior to her arrest that she was a resistance leader, confessions that were not worth the paper on which they were written. Her month-long interrogation never succeeded in substantiating any of them. It was, in fact, 'flowers', compared with the treatment of others involved. She had her name to thank for that, and the government's fear of international reaction. Eventually, after her sentence and a few weeks in prison, she was deprived of her Greek nationality and forcibly deported. 'A Piece of Truth' is a vivid angry book, written with all the full emotional outpourings of speech, and it serves as an admirable gloss to more analytical books like 'Inside the Colonels' Greece'. Lady Fleming was, as near as possible, the man in the street. Affronted by Un-Greek injustice, she tried in a humane and amateur way to do her bit. Others in a similar position have not had the protection of her name. It is to remind us of them and the continuing situation in Greece that she writes.

Naseem Khar is theatre editor of Time Out and a regular contributor to the Guardian.



Rosie Parker:

Hermine Demoriane

'Anybody can do it, elephants are very good at it', modestly remarked England's only free-lance, professional woman tight-rope walker, Hermine Demoriane. There isn't a trace of sawdust in her veins; she has never once worked in a circus. She spend her formative years not in sequins and fishnet but in school on the Continent. Six years ago she left France for England, and today she lives in Islington with a poet husband and Murphy, their six year old daughter. Murphy's paintings and posters of tightrope walkers cover their sitting room walls, and a huge yellow balancing ball lies in the middle of the floor. Her passion for tightrope walking was aroused, not by a circus, but by a visit to the Tate Gallery. In 1969 Robert Morris had an exhibition of participatory sculpture at the Tate. People participated with such enthusiasm that the Tate, conditioned by years of Please-don't-touch policy, panicked and the exhibition was dismantled in the interest of public safety. But not before Hermine had participated, and developed a determination to learn to balance.

She went straight home from the exhibition and strung a rope across her garden. Soon the garden wall began to crack and sag, so she carried her rope to Highbury Fields and strung it between two trees. 'Unfortunately the keepers said that there was nothing in the rules about young ladies walking tightropes and they asked me to leave.' At this juncture, Space offered her a place to work in their Hackney factory. She practises there every day, with the sculptors and painters who work at the factory watching and often joining in. Since June, Hermine has been walking the tightrope professionally; appearing at fetes and fairs all over the country, as well as with the 'Cosmic Circus', 'Coom' and 'Action Space.' When she is on the rope she feels transformed, and loses all sense of fear. 'Perhaps the rope symbolizes the umbilical cord,' she says. She emphasizes that her enjoyment of tightrope walking does not spring from a sense of superiority as she balances above the heads of the crowd. 'You see I am a very bad tightrope walker. I am always falling off and making a fool of myself. I don't want people to think, "Oh, isn't she courageous," I just want to make them laugh.' Some people had doubts about Hermine, beautiful and rather distraught, in the role of a clown. 'All the people at Space were telling me to do something sexy, but I said No, all I want to do is to make people laugh.' Nevertheless, her act evolved out of their suggestions. She performs a send up of a strip-tease on the rope, tossing down layers of brilliantly coloured clothes until all that remains is a skin-tight, flesh-coloured bikini. 'It is very unflattering,' she hastens to assure us.

Hermine hopes that more people will start tightrope walking. She intends to teach it at Oval House, and she encourages the audience to participate in her act. Recently she performed with 'Action Space' at a Harlow supermarket, and the midday shoppers joined her on the rope. 'I really like to see people balancing.'

Circus people understandably resent her because she is so unprofessional and demystifies the act. She describes how a man came up to her while she was practising in a Glasgow park, asking if he could help her. 'I thought he was a Jehovah's Witness at first.' It transpired that he was from a nearby circus, and he gave her some tips, telling her to walk along the rope pigeon toed. It was only after six months of struggling to balance pigeon toed that she learned that she had been duped; the secret of success is to walk splay footed. Her ambition is to walk over water. Salvador Dali initiated the idea when he asked her to walk the tightrope over the phallic shaped pool he had just built. But, she refused. 'He was so nasty. He said that he would put sea urchins in the pool below the rope.' Instead she is planning to walk across the Serpentine in Spring, followed by a procession of her pupils. Soon she is travelling to Morocco to work on a new act with a friend. 'Since I started tightrope walking I am no longer afraid of flying.'

Peter Stark



IN A FAR WORSE PRISON THAN THEIR HUSBANDS



BEL MOONEY

Bel Mooney is a free lance writer, and now contributes to the Telegraph Magazine, the New Statesman and to Nova.

Photographs by Bob Mazzer

After the jury has given its verdict, when the judge has finished telling the man in the dock that he is a disgrace to society, when sentence has been passed and every one can go home—the prisoner's wife also leaves the court, to begin her own sentence. For when we send a man to prison to punish him for 'doing wrong', we also punish his wife and family, transferring to them his crime, his guilt, his price. For the man himself life will be less than rosy, but as one prisoner's wife put it, 'At least he has a roof over his head and knows where his three meals a day are coming from.' For the man's wife (if he has one) life, for the next few months or years, will mean shame, loneliness, deprivation and poverty.

Of course not all prisoners' wives live in this state. Some will have been provided for, legally or illegally, by their husbands; others will have a good family or friends to lean on and give financial and practical help. But the vast majority inhabit their own prison of practical, social and emotional worries. Practical problems — more bluntly, lack of money — are the first, and most pressing, that is, if a woman has children and cannot go out to work. Ivy, a harrassed woman in her forties, with two teenage

She tries to stifle fears that she will grow apart from her husband



children as well as 'a five year old mistake', described the exhausting misery of life on social security: 'It's a terrible life. You may not get the right amount because it's all what they call discretionary — which means they can deal with you as they see fit. Then you have to claim and you go before a tribunal and you don't know what to say. Then they send someone along to see what you really do need, and then you are always going off to the office and waiting for hours. Hours, it takes to see someone. When your husband sends you the visiting order, you have to go down the SS office to get your travel warrant' (Prisoners' wives are allowed one free travel warrant a month, so that if their husband's prison allows visits twice a month they can either not take up the warrant or use money they can't spare for fares) 'Then you wait and wait and then a bloke comes out with all your papers, and asks you if your circumstances have changed, and when you last went, and this, and that, then they send you the warrant for a particular day. Then I find my little girl isn't well on that day, so we can't go, so then I have to go back to the office and go through the whole thing again. Wouldn't you think they'd give us the cash so we could choose what day we go on? But they think we can't be trusted'.

Ivy's husband is serving five years for breaking and entering. Pauline's husband, who was unemployed, is 'inside' for what she calls 'thieving', and her complaint, like that of most wives, is with the people's attitudes, expressed through money. 'The government add it up, work out a few prices as if they stood still, then say this is the money

you can live on. But there's not one of them who's ever had to live on money like that, nor their wives. They're never had to tell their children they can't have a 2p roll of sweets because they can't afford it.' Pauline recalls bitterly how a social worker came to see her to help her work out her money: 'She went through my shopping list, making me feel like 16 instead of 36, then said "Oh, you buy butter. Why don't you buy margarine?" I asked her what she had and she said "Butter." So I said that if she had butter I want to give my children butter. I was getting £12.05 a week, with family allowance. Out of that my rent, gas and electric came to £5.05. That leaves £7 a week for everything else, including food and clothes. And they don't tell you what you are entitled to. I went to a Claimants Union and they told me what clothes I was entitled

to for the children, but the social security officer had never told me that. When I made a list of all the things and they approved it they sent me a cheque for £36. I priced the same list at the Co-op and it came to £73.50, and at Marks and Spencers it came to £74.60. So then I had to go to the tribunal, but it wears you out. They seem to make it as difficult as possible, deliberately, so that in the end you won't bother'.

But prisoners' wives are not the only people on social security, not the only ones who are poor. It is the additional problems that arise from having a husband in prison — not just unemployed, sick, dead or missing — that made the burden of poverty doubly hard to bear; though again, they are problems that one-parent families would understand. From the moment the police come to the house

(sometimes insulting, says one wife) to the dreary once-a-month trek to the prison which may be miles away, when she may have to wait outside, perhaps see her husband in a room full of people making private conversation impossible, perhaps (if it is a 'closed' visit) see him through glass smeared with the lipstick and fingermarks of previous visits — the prisoner's wife is made to feel degraded and ashamed. The social stigma is enormous. Many wives are afraid to tell the truth, saying their husbands are in hospital, or that they have left them. Rose, aged 26, whose husband is serving a life sentence for murder, was forced to move from the flat they were living in: 'I couldn't bear it. Every time I went to the shops I could see people nudging each other and pointing at me. People I'd known ignored me. Once I was in a bus queue and I heard a woman say loudly, so the whole queue could hear. "Look, that's the woman whose bloke killed that old man"'. So Rose moved, with her newborn son and two year old daughter, to another area. Now, nearly two years later she exists in total loneliness, afraid to make friends with her neighbours 'in case they find out', going to bed at 9 each night because she can't stand the isolation. Like many prisoner's wives, she says she had no feeling left for her husband: they were unhappy before, with him spending every penny they had on drink. So poverty is something she is used to, but loneliness isn't. 'If your bloke wasn't good to you, you don't really miss him. But you wish someone was there, even if he was coming home drunk. But you're still married to him which means you get the worst

'Prison enables us to impose temporary sterilisation on people in our criminal classes'

Charles Curran



of everything. Even if you'd like to go out for a drink with another bloke, there's no one interested in you with two kids. So you sit in breaking your heart on a Saturday night, when other people are all going out together, thinking that unless you get a divorce he'll come out and it will be the same as ever'.

Rose's loneliness is common amongst the wives. So too is the fact that the only people she can turn to in moments of overpowering affection and more common moments of hysterical anger, are her children — and the sad effects on them are already showing in their withdrawn, cowed unhappiness. Susan, the same age and also with two children, confesses to the same dependence on them. Her case is better or worse than most (depending on your viewpoint) because she is not ashamed of her husband's crime; misses him terribly, feels his sentence was totally unfair — thus has nothing to mitigate her unhappy bitterness. Two and a half years ago her husband, a hairdresser, went to India, 'because he'd always wanted to do that hippy thing so I told him to get it out of his system'. He had always smoked hash, brought back a large quantity, was caught — and sentenced to six years, on a first offence. On pronouncing sentence the judge said that people like him were a menace to society — and Susan fainted with shock.

Now Susan's two children, aged 10 and 9, talk incessantly about their father, showing photographs of him, bringing out beautiful matchstick models and paintings he has done inside — but Susan worries about them, describing how they have suffered since their father's im-

prisonment: 'Brian used to be very good at school, and now he has gone right back — really bad. And Mary gets all quiet and funny at night and says she wants her dad'. Susan is not worried about money, or what people think. She cares most about the emotional effects on her children, and on her relationship with her husband. Like all married prisoners he goes through periods of intense jealousy, convinced she is having affairs: 'I say to him that he's probably having more sex inside there than I am out here. He soon gets over it — I think he knows I'm not interested in anyone else.' Susan does her best to seem lighthearted, breaking through her own narrative with a high-pitched laugh that shows the strain. She visits her husband once a fortnight; writes five times a week; suffers from sleeplessness; finds it hard to avoid shrieking at the

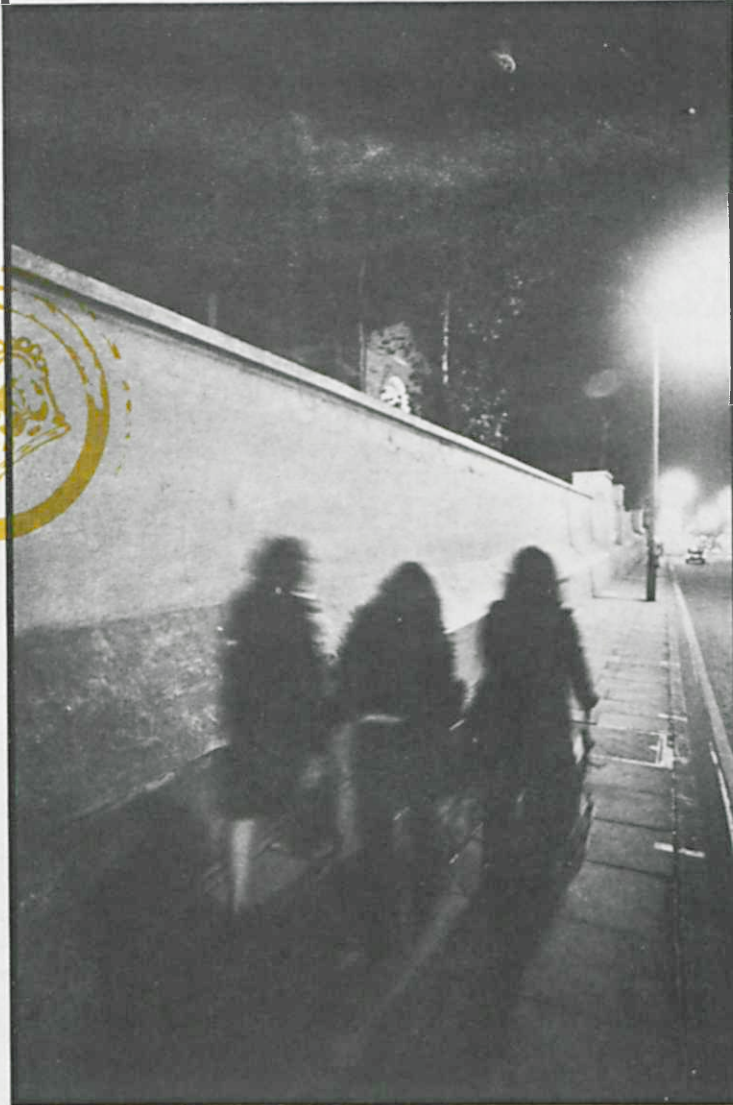
children for nothing at all; tries her best to stifle fears that she will grow apart from him, despite their good relationship, in the next few years. And through all this runs the bitterness: 'You see men who've hurt people get lighter sentences. And then you get some pop star who's found bringing hash in, and he's fined £1000 and writes out a cheque on the spot. He doesn't notice it. One thing — I say to my children they must tell people their dad's in prison and what for. I say they are not to be ashamed because he did nothing wrong. And then they ask why he is in prison, and I tell them it's the law that's wrong'.

All the wives I spoke to said that the biggest need is someone to talk to — someone who understands. Predictably they tend to find other wives most understanding, so old friendships can drop off, leaving them

heavily dependent on some sort of organisation. Around the country there are prisoners' wives groups run by volunteers, which try to break down isolation by bringing the women together. Organisations like the Circle Trust and the London Prisoners' Wives Service try to fill in the gaps by also giving advice and acting as pressure groups, say with individual social security claims. Of course, many wives slip through this net, and are left to cope alone. More radical groups like PROP — Preservation of the Rights of Prisoners, think that the women should organise — and earlier this year a group of wives did in fact demonstrate outside Wandsworth Prison, collecting signatures on a petition for better conditions for their men, and 'less incivility' towards themselves on visits. Ted Ward, London Organiser of PROP says that despite the difficulties women face, if they could only show solidarity and form self-help groups to mind children etc, they could do a lot for prison reform: 'Their value would be that they would gain public sympathy. There would be no political slant; they could work through established channels, and if they worked at it they could really smash the prison system'.

But could they? For a start, solidarity is a meaningless word, when you are isolated, with all the problems I have described. Then many women confess to a sneaking resentment against their husbands for getting them into the mess, feeling more worried about the conditions their children are growing up in, than his. Of course there is a connexion between the two, but you cannot expect a de-

Unless we give serious thought to why we are punishing, prisoners wives will continue to be in a far worse prison than their men.



pressed woman to see it. And what about that public support? Apart from cases where a wife has actually helped or encouraged her husband to break the law, knowing the consequences, the prisoner's wife is innocent, and so might expect public sympathy. But the whole situation they are in, which despite the patching efforts of voluntary organisations is one of perennial despair, stems from the fact that in the eyes of society they are guilty.

It is a fact that most men in prison, like most juvenile delinquents, come from the working class. So when people talk about 'criminal classes', they mean in fact the working class, the class most criminals come from. Even though a prisoner's wife and her children have committed no crime, society punishes them for belonging to this class of people — a class the whole structure implicitly characterises as inferior. Here is a quotation from a columnist Charles Curran on the London 'Evening News' (4.2.72), revealing in that it gives expression, Powell-like, to what many 'decent' English people think. Writing when a Great Train Robber's wife has asked the Home Secretary for a 'conjugal visit' to her husband, so she could have another child before she was too old, Mr Curran stated that Mr Maudling should refuse this request: 'The men in our jails are unsatisfactory citizens. So long as they are in captivity they cannot reproduce themselves. I welcome this state of affairs. I want to maintain it. For it is a valuable by-product of our penal system. It enables us to impose temporary sterilisation on a lot of people in our criminal classes. So far from

encouraging these classes to procreate I want to discourage them. As things are, locking them up is the only way'. Rather than castration, one supposes — and Mr Curran concludes: 'the jails of this country will become breeding grounds for the least admirable members of society'.

The tone of the whole is repulsive; the implications of the last sentence terrifying. Even the unborn are guilty — guilty of belonging to the criminal classes, of having mothers who lived emotionally and financially deprived lives, guilty of being poor. Having made the accusation, society proves it conclusively. We degrade the wives and families of men who are 'unsatisfactory citizens' in our eyes, because they are the same — inferior. The children of such a family have the initial disadvantage of a broken home, the addition of tension and

shame; then, on top of that, the class disadvantage of being poor, of not having nursery school places, of going to the worst schools, and being offered the worst jobs. Small wonder that by the age of 15 little Johnny is probably starting to repeat the pattern of his father's career. The police, especially if his mother stayed in the same area, will certainly be watching for him — and *their* attitude is not in doubt. The organiser of the Prisoners' Wives service told me how she went to talk to a group of Police cadets, and was shocked at the vehemence with which, to a man, they said that life should be made as hard as possible for prisoners' families — 'so when the man comes out they'll discourage him from doing the same thing again'. That piece of simplistic 'psychology' would be funny if it did not typify attitudes that are widespread, amongst public and

police. It is these attitudes, expressed in the class structure of this society, that maintain a 'criminal class', and neatly prove Mr Curran's reasoning.

Real prison reform will only take place when most of these attitudes are eradicated, but with the present system this is unlikely to happen. For the moment you can say that if a prisoner's wife was given a reasonable amount of money to live on, if her children had nursery school places, if she was not depressed by poor and infrequent visiting conditions, then she might be in a more realistic position to give her husband the support he needs when he come out — or have the confidence to leave him if he will not accept his responsibilities. You can also say that the whole arbitrary system of sentencing ought to be radically rethought — and serious consideration given to the effects of a long sentence on the prisoner's family. At the moment it costs between £30 and £40 a week to keep a man in prison, plus the social security money paid to his wife — expensive, destructive (in many cases) and thoughtless. You can suggest small changes in the penal system, but they would do nothing to ease the burden of social ostracisation felt by these women — and it is precisely because of the attitudes behind that ostracisation that larger changes will not take place. Until we give serious thought to *why* we are punishing, and with what effect, until changes that are far more radical than a mere £1 on social security take place, the prisoners' wives will continue to be punished, in a far worse prison than their men.★



Fran Fogerty

ADVERSARIALS

Successful ways to waste Christmas time
Illustrated by Ken White



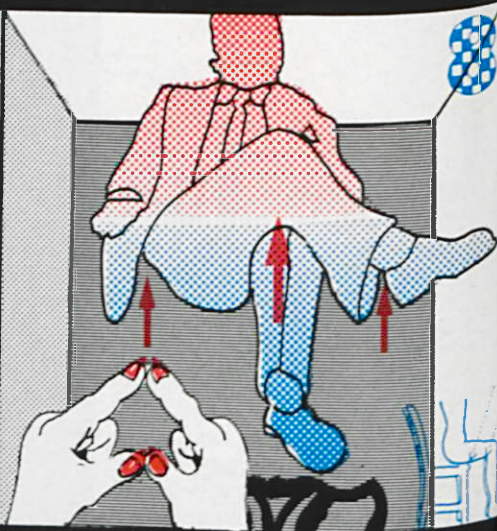
One person goes out of the room and all the rest of you decide how you will answer his questions on his return, like grumpily, musically, drunkenly, politically. To help him guess the right adverb you can hand out all manner of bints: If you'd decided on 'hysterically' you can throw things around, sob and scream, even if the question is 'how many fags have you had today?' Grammar is entirely unnecessary in selecting an adverb. A good tip if you're feeling lazy is to answer Deafly, thereby being unable to hear any questions put to you.

The next game is best played when totally smashed. It's called Plum Plum Plum and for this I'm afraid you must assemble yourselves



your index fingers together at pressure points, as in the diagram.

If you've all managed to get really into it, he should sail effortlessly upwards. If he doesn't, Do not scoff, do not be embarrassed, but try again. He should get higher at each attempt. We lifted a giant-like man up to a fairly high ceiling and the real believers managed to lift a car with one finger. It may all sound grimly determined, but even the most cynical have been known to be amazed, (not to mention even the most weedy, like me, who finds turning on the television rather exhausting.) By the way, if you're doing it right, you shouldn't need to heave and strain when you lift him because it really IS, like the blue in the sky



above, all in the mind.

But this is all getting rather psychedelic for Jolly old Gertie, so unpin yourselves from your electric fireside as (beb beb), I've got a few nice breezy outdoor ones up my tweedy sleeve for you, once you've succeeded in stirring your stumps as far as the nearest park or field. You could warm up with Frisbee Cricket or a more leisurely Grandmother's footsteps before getting down to the delights of a game called Bad Eggs.

One of you is the Bad Egg and chooses a name such as a movie title, a politician or a name of a car. When you've decided among yourselves who or what you are, you relay this information to the Bad Egg without



telling him who's who, e.g. Dusty Springfield, Kathy Kirby, Janis Joplin, Twinkle, etc. Then you all run as far away from the Egg as possible before he calls out one of you, like 'Kathy Kirby', at the same time throwing a tennis ball into the air. Whoever is K.K. must rush back, shouting out 'Stop'. When she's retrieved the ball, she shouts out and you must all skid to a halt. Miss Kirby, who is now the Bad Egg, scans the scene to see who is nearest her, and is allowed 3 jumps further towards her victim.

The climax is when she attempts to touch the said victim's legs with a throw of the tennis ball. If she misses, she is the Bad Egg for the next game, but if her aim is true, ►



explained was checking that the other footstep was following. If you like board games, there are many goodies on the market at the moment besides yer Monopoly and Peter Rabbit. How about Scam, the dope-dealer's game in which you can get hepatitis, get burned in darkest Afghanistan, or rip off a fringed jacket in your attempts to end up after your travels with the biggest pile of dope. (you can always go to India for a spell if you need a rest). Scam is a great idea, but like all these games, I must admit I get bored when its not my turn, however that is rather beside the point. Pentagon, the game of American politics in Vietnam, is now on the market. It's under a £1 and well worth the money, too as it takes bours to play.





2 in a circle and each of you announce what fruit or veg you are. One of you, say Pomegranate, stands in the middle and calls out one of the chosen names three times very fast, viz Apple Apple Apple. If you happen to be Apple, you have to get your name out before she's finished. If you're so pissed or dozy that you don't manage it, then it's your turn to stand in the middle and call out someone else, and so on, till a horticultural nervous breakdown. This should leave you completely paralysed and eager for the next game, which is where I delve for pencils and paper, impervious to the loathing vibes directed at my determined person. Knitting your brows in ►



3 yourselves, two on each side of him, numbering yourselves 1, 2, 3, and 4. Number 1 places his right hand over the subject's head, and you all follow in sequence until you have a block of 8 hands. Concentrate with all the strength you can muster on imagining a steel shaft being driven through his head. Forget everything except your own power to force him down into the ground. Simultaneously he strives with his mind to will himself upwards. The top hand on the pile should be No.4, and when he can concentrate no longer he starts Stage 2 by removing his hand. You all do the same, in reverse sequence, trying desperately not to lose your concentration. Then you silently whizz



4 concentration you all draw anything you like at the top of the paper and pass it on. The next person describes below what the drawing is, folds it over and passes it on to their fascinated neighbour to draw his version. Go on till you reach the end of the paper when you all pore over them in stony silence, or you could try rolling about with merry laughter. Right, here comes a very serious game: its Levitation, and I promise it really works if taken seriously. One of you, preferably the one taking it most seriously (thereby hangs a very good game finding this out) sits on a chair. It doesn't matter if he or she is big or small, the important thing is that he really believes you can lift him. Position



5 then her target has to undergo an agreed forfeit, such as crawling up to the nearest passer-by and barking, eating ten daisies, or any other avant-garde and helpful gesture which might brighten up the resigned British park-goer's life. The forfeiter is also the next Bad Egg. And I also forgot to tell you that when you're choosing your names, you allot one to the Bad Egg himself, say Vera Lynn, so that he might inadvertently call out his own name (bo bo) and have to catch his own ball while you all race further and further into the distance. If this hasn't finished you off, how about moving on to a rather chic form of tag, in which anyone (being) caught has to stand with their legs apart until rescued by a ►



6 dwelling-place or address, viz house' etc, etc. The selector himself writes down its true meaning on a similar bit of paper, and when you've all banded in your versions, he subtly mixes them all up then reads them out. You each have to guess which one is the real version, and it's often quite surprising. Right, well now even I am flagging (the understatement of the year) so I think the best game with which to end is a truly simple number involving acting out anything, such as The Life and Death of a Boiled Egg, or Toothpaste being squeezed onto a toothbrush, or toast popping out of a toaster. This game involves much lateral thinking, by the way, like a friend who was acting out being a footstep and kept looking round after shuffling forward, which he later



7 fellow madman crawling between her legs. This is the nearest to a rude game that I can possibly go, I'm afraid. You may be thinking that it's time to relax now, there's more afoot, (I can tell you,) so it's back to the pencils and paper for The Dictionary Game. Don't think I'm waffling if I say that for this game you need a dictionary because, um., you do. One of you selects something from it, like 'boosh', (botchpotch or stew in Arctic travel Oxford Dictionary), or 'bokey-pokey', (cheap ice-cream Oxford Dictionary), without revealing what it means, invite the company to write down its meaning in as convincing a dictionary manner as possible. So for 'boosh' you might give 'A sometime inebriated term, used in the Scottish Lowlands, referring to a

continued from page 25

'I'm plain old-fashioned you know. I think it's a bit of hoo-ha—although I wouldn't make a public statement of it. But after all, a woman's place is in the home. Our husbands earn the money so it's surely our job to do the housework and bring up the children.'

'Yes. God, that reminds me, Sasha must be fed. Excuse me, Anna! Anna! where is that girl? I expect she's chatting up one of her boyfriend's again.'

'So you have that trouble too, do you? Mine won't do a thing, not a thing, I tell you. I'd give her the sack, but you just can't find good staff these days.'

'There she is. Anna, it's Sasha's feeding time, remember. I do agree with you about having a responsibility as wife and mother, but we must not forget that we're in a position to be as free as we are, because of those suffragette ladies who got us the vote and so on.'

'The vote! Who cares about politics? To be quite honest, I don't even know where the polling stations are. I say leave the politics to the politicians.'

'Yes, that's true—but on the other hand men do get paid more as teachers, say, than women in the same jobs.'

'Perhaps, but men have families to support.'

'One other thing they mention is sex.'

'The English are decadent, we all know that. James says their economy is going to the devil, because of all this permissiveness. All those women are asking for is legal prostitution. Where would we be with that? I don't see it as liberation at all—it's the opposite, it's, it's, what is the opposite?'

'Imprisonment, I suppose. You're right—the next thing that will be demanded of us is that we do all the manual jobs, what is it Anna? Peter is here? Well, let him get on with the gardening, then. He's been here long enough, he knows what to do. Sasha's all right, is she? Good.'

'I must say, I'm content with my lot. Liberation? What nonsense All these women want is attention. Why don't they get on with being what He intended them to be? Incidentally, I'm so excited. James said I can go back to university. I think I'll do a social studies course, or really any sort of arts degree. I never finished, as I left to marry James.' ★

Suzanne Goldberg.

For insight into the origins and genesis of
the Women's Rights Movement



Mrs. Pankhurst & her daughter,
in prison clothes

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SPARE PARTS

INDOOR GARDENS

This is such a vast subject that I feel it best to concentrate on some basic tips, and some (maybe!) different approaches than just that of the plant in the pot on the shelf.

To start with, it is best to understand that the atmosphere in which plants thrive is almost completely opposite to that for humans. Light, humidity, even temperature and no dust or fumes are prime concerns. Lace curtains are death to plants, so are draughts and central (dry) heating.

Plants are alive and need care and attention. Give them a steam bath occasionally if they are of tropical origin, and spray/syringe the leaves for extra humidity, and to remove the dust that will clog up the pores in the leaves.

Plastic pots need less water than terra-cotta ones. Make sure you have drainage crocks at the bottom of your pot. Waterlogging is a common fault. Repotting is best done in SPRING, and only if it is really necessary. Upside down polythene bags over your plant and pot can create a temporary greenhouse for seedlings or ailing plants. Window boxes are not used enough in this country. Imagine the grey town streets with plants pouring out of every window. Unfortunately Tower blocks cannot be cheered up in this way as the top stories are too windy. Buy your box to fit your window ledge, and either cement it on or attach chains to it and your window frame. Window boxes can be dropped below the sill if your window opens outwards. Have this done professionally to be sure it is safe. If you make your own box, hard wood is better than soft wood, and treat the inside with CUPRINOL which is a wood preservative. The grain of the wood must run horizontally not vertically. Don't forget the drainage holes. A good soil is essential (See Repotting below.)

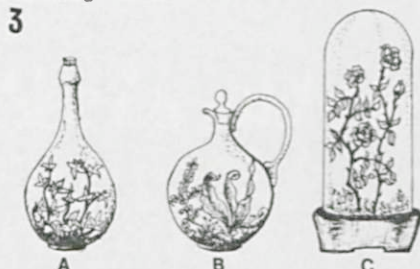
enclosed gardens

For these gardens you can use an old aquarium with a sheet of glass over the top, the glass domes used for covering top, the glass domes used for covering stuffed animals, the horticultural bell globes, or large jam jars, etc. To begin with, I found these enclosed gardens a bit claustrophobic, preferring to have plants openly around the place. However, there are advantages in

that plants will not suffer from draughts, excessive changes of temperature, or dry air and fumes and dust.

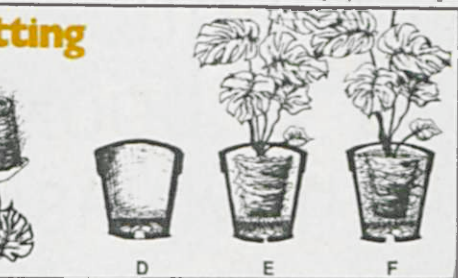


These are especially good for growing HERBS. The soil is the same as that described below for the bottles. The globe or cloche garden is more accessible than the bottle, so you can use flowering plants, small shrubs, miniature trees & climbing roses (Fig 3 C). Lift the lid to remove dead flowers, weeds, or excess moisture. Be on the alert for weeds, mildew, or pests that thrive in this atmosphere. Make sure your pot has a drainage hole.



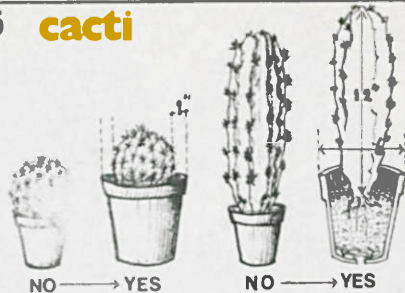
Bottle gardens require more patience and dexterity than cloche gardens, owing to the small opening. The advantage is that once planted they can be left as self-supporting. Occasionally open the top to allow excess moisture to evaporate. Ferns & mosses enjoy the sheltered humid atmosphere. Decanters, large cider or Chianti bottles & goldfish bowls with lids are all suitable. Plant them in JOHN INNES POTTING COMPOST No.2. For mosses and ferns, peat only is best.

4. A. Pebbles and small lumps of charcoal. B. Peat C. Compost Having removed most of the earth from the roots of your plant, lower it into the bottle on a loop of wire and with another thin instrument, push the soil gently over the roots while easing the loop of wire away. When all the plants are in place (Warning: this isn't easy so take it slowly), then spray



D. Cover the bottom of the pot with 'corks', broken bits of pot or pebbles, then add a layer of garden peat, and a thin layer of soil (John Innes potting compost No.2 is the most widely recommended). C. Gently tease out the matted roots from the soil ball and place it in the new pot (E). F. Pour in your potting compost round the plant, firming it down with your thumbs. Tap the pot on the table a few times to settle it and then water it. Newly repotted plants prefer to be put in the shade for about a week before being exposed to bright light or sun. If the plant seems to be wilting, spray or syringe the leaves daily.

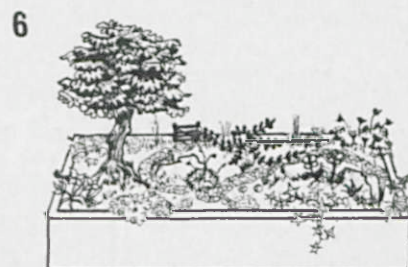
5 cacti



Check that your cactus isn't cramped. The globe cactus should have a pot 2" wider than its own diameter. The vertical cactus needs a pot half the height of the plant. (Fig.5) Cacti DO NOT grow in pure sand. Equal parts of garden loam, sand & leaf mould is a standard mixture. Most cacti prefer tepid to cold water. Don't overwater in winter.

it with a fine syringe.

miniature gardens



These gardens are great fun if you enjoy creating little fantasy scenes, and give you a chance to do some real gardening. Little pools with aquatic plants can be included by dropping a small glazed bowl into your soil. Try to use plants that all enjoy the same conditions, and keep it well in the light, by the window. Containers: For tiny gardens, earthenware saucers or pottery seed pans. An old sink will do, but a stone, concrete or earthenware trough is better. All pots must have drainage holes. You can create this type of garden in your window box.



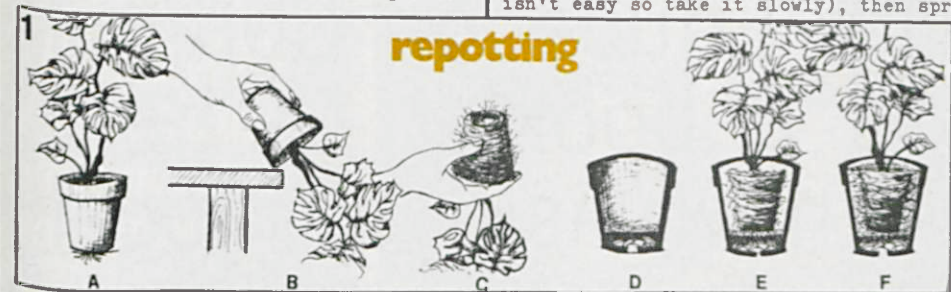
A. An old sink, preferably stone, or a terra-cotta or concrete trough. B. Drainage hole covered with crocks to prevent clogging. It is most important that the trough should be angled so that all the water drains out in this direction. C. Soil ball of plant. D. Small rocks for decoration. E. Pebbles and crocks for drainage. F. Peat. G. Compost. The level of your soil should be below the top edge of your container.

Two books well worth buying are: 'Be your own House Plant Expert' 15p available from most gardening shops. 'Window box Gardening' by Xenia Field 25p (Pan Piper book) Dorothy Hewer. 'Bottle Gardens & Fern Cases' by Anne Ashberry. 'Cacti & Succulents, Indoors & Outdoors' by Martha Van Ness. 'Gardens in Miniature' Anne Ashberry. 'Rochford's House Plants for Everyone' by T. Rochford & Richard Gorer. For Londoners, C. RASSELL LTD, 80 Earls Court Road, W.8 (Tel.937-0481) are very helpful & have an enormous range of pots, tubs etc.

I hope that all your plants survive the winter and that we don't have too much frost, at least, not until the next issue which will be on burst water pipes, lagging and insulation.

Happy New Year
Stephanie Gilbert

repotting



Don't repot just for the sake of it. Some plants like a cosy environment and will wilt away in too large a pot. The best time to repot is not now as most plants are resting through the winter. Spring is best. If your plant doesn't seem to be growing, the soil dries out very quickly and there are roots appearing through the drainage hole, then it is needs a larger pot. Take the plant, and gently tap the pot on the edge of a table (Fig B). The soil ball should drop free. If it is a matted ball of roots then it definitely needs repotting. The new pot should only be a bit larger than the old one, it should be clean, and if a new clay one, should be soaked in water overnight.

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